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THE MILITARY EMBARKATION.

THERE are few scenes in this life more exciting, more heart-stirring, or more likely to warm up the very best feelings of our nature, than the embarkation of troops for a foreign, and perhaps an unhealthy clime;—parents and children, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, are more or less affected; and many a gentle heart is seared by the sudden, perhaps unexpected, order to march. On the occasion of which I am now about to speak, the route came by express at two o'clock in the morning, for a draft from the — regiment to join the service companies in the West Indies. They were to march at six from Chatham to Gravesend—just four hours' notice.

I have said that the route arrived at the dead hour of night, when the extensive garrison was hushed in the quiet of repose. The draft comprised a field-officer, one captain, two subalterns, one staff, and seventy rank and file, with the usual proportion of women and children. My brother belonged to the regiment which furnished the draft; he was the senior subaltern about to embark, and my consequent intimacy with the officers gave me an opportunity of observing minutely the misery which that route occasioned. I shall never forget it.

I was residing, at the time, at the Navy and Army Hotel; and was dreaming of anything but rising from my warm bed by candlelight, when my brother's servant suddenly entered my room, threw back my bed-curtains, and exclaimed, in a tone of voice which half-startled me, (he was an Irishman, poor fellow!) "The regiment is to march at six, your honour."

"The what!" said I, rubbing my eyes.

"The route's come, your honour," roared Denis, "and an't we all off, sure, in a couple of hours?"

"And where are we going, Denis?" I inquired, still half bewildered in the confusion of drowsiness.

"Oh! then, your honour," said Denis, "that's what myself didn't think of asking; but if your honour will just wait a bit, I'll step to the quarter-master serjeant, and sure he'll tell me all about it."

"No, Denis," said I; "your master may want you. I'll get up."

It was the winter, and what I consider the dreariest month; the season of enjoyment had not yet commenced;—perhaps, after all, for those who were leaving their country, it was better it should be so. I slipped my warm feet into my wretchedly cold slippers, and drew back the window-curtains, to peep at the weather. The surrounding objects lay quiet enough under the shade of night, and could scarcely be discerned through the small drizzling rain which came from the murky clouds. Not so the records of death in the churchyard immediately beneath my window, which, in contrast with the blackness of everything else, looked whiter than I had ever seen grave-stones look before. A wretched-looking donkey patiently crouched its lean carcase as much under the shelter of the wall as it could, with the meek resignation of its tribe; and the ticking of the clock, in the dreary stillness of the

scene, sounded awfully loud. It was a shivering affair altogether, the bare recollection of which makes me draw nearer the fire at this moment.

I dressed myself, shaved with iced water, and groped my way by the feeble light of a sorrowful-looking dip, along the gloomy passage to the kitchen, in the corner of which lay a heap of Wellington boots, with the numbers of the rooms marked in chalk on the soles. I had some difficulty in finding my own, not knowing the number of my room, and not caring to go back through the gloomy passage for the mere purpose of making myself wise on the subject. At last I ferreted them out; and as I cordially dislike pulling on a pair of filthy boots, half-covered with the dry mud of the previous day's wearing, I set to cleaning them, and, what with the novelty and the exertion of the undertaking, I felt myself in better spirits when I pulled them on. "This," said I, "come what may, is, after all, beginning the day like a gentleman." My next care was to pack my carpet-bag: that was soon done, and in a few minutes I had answered the challenge of the sentinel, and was wending my way up the steep ascent. When I reached my brother's room on the terrace, I found him and his Irish servant hastily packing the kit of an infantry officer.

As I could be of no service to him, I stepped over to my friend Captain Williamson's room,—No. 8 on the terrace,—and a gentle tap at the door instantly procured me admittance. He and his servant, another Irishman, were dressed in flannel jackets; and, what with packing and pressing down, and unscrewing and roping, and knocking down and folding up, the water stood in large round drops on his forehead. His delicate, pretty wife was packing a small trunk with the lighter articles of his wardrobe, and when she looked up at me on my entrance, her soft blue eyes were dimmed by the tears which trembled beneath the long, black, drooping eyelashes.

Williamson belonged to a good family in the West Riding of Yorkshire, but had been disinherited for marrying this fine young creature, whose respected parents lived near the neat little village of Sittingbourne. His father was dead, and the property was entailed on an elder brother; but the mother had a fair dowry. Williamson wrote to his imperious mother, and she answered his first and last letter to her on the subject in the following words—few and full of meaning:—"If you disgrace yourself by marrying the plebeian with whom you fancy yourself in love, you shall inherit my curse, and not my fortune."

Williamson, with the calm resolute air of a man driven by despair to the climax of misery, as carefully folded up his mother's letter as if it had been a bank post-bill for five hundred pounds, and placed it in a recess of his writing-desk. Next morning he crossed the country to Sittingbourne, and within a few yards of the small wicker-gate which opened into the beautiful paddock next her father's lawn, Mary Drummond pledged herself to wed the young soldier early in the following week.

When I entered Williamson's room on the eventful morning of his embarkation, I found her, as I have already stated, helping him to pack the lighter articles of his dress; but the effort was

painful almost beyond endurance, and she looked as if her feeble frame would sink under the heart-rending trial. She had on a black bombasin gown, with a deep trimming of crape, for the loss of her first-born babe, a lovely infant boy, which had given its pure spirit to another and a better world about three weeks before. Her light-coloured hair was neatly braided across a forehead as fair to look on as the driven snow. Her delicately-formed expressive features expressed the torture of an afflicted mind—the inconsolable grief of a breaking heart; and the sobs which broke from her gentle bosom, rendered convulsive from the effort to crush them, were almost audibly echoed by the responsive mournful sighs of her husband.

In this scene of misery there was one circumstance which struck me with singular force, and I confess I felt ashamed of myself when I consider how little I helped to lighten the sorrow I witnessed on that gloomy occasion. Williamson's servant was an Irishman—a countryman of my own; and the good feeling with which the honest-hearted fellow bustled about the room, in his own way, to cover, as it were, the disconsolate grief of the wife; the blunders he made, which at any other time might have been amusing, to divert his master's mind; and his willingness and anxiety to do everything right, yet doing many things wrong, told me that the rough untutored mind of the Tipperary soldier could comprehend the anguish of the heart, and find, in his own original way, a more effectual remedy for the sorrows he sympathised with, than the more enlightened man who stood before him.

At five o'clock, the notes of the first bugle struck on our ear, and God knows they were discordant enough. The poor wife started convulsively from her seat, and, recollecting herself, tried to resume it; but the effort was too much, and she fell senseless into the arms of her husband. Her feeble spirit seemed to have fled that moment from its earthly tenement. I looked for the water-jug, but the Irish servant, in his bustling anxiety to get it, upset its contents into his master's chest. I ran to the opposite door, marked "Captain, No. 2;" an officer opened it, with an inquiring glance. "Water, sir," said I, "your water-jug. Mrs. Williamson is dying." He gave it me; I ran back with it, and sprinkled her death-like features, as she lay in her sable dress, unconscious of her misery, like a beautiful statue of despair; and the second bugle had but just sounded as she opened her languid eyes. I never beheld anything human so like marble—I never saw any form half so beautiful.

The troops were now assembled, and had gone through the scrutinising inspection of the lynx-eyed adjutant. The baggage-carts were only delayed for Captain Williamson's trunks, and already had two messages been sent by the impatient officer of the baggage-guard: the remaining things were thrown in pell-mell. Mrs. Williamson was removed to the neighbouring hotel, where a post-chaise had been ordered; and all that remained to be done in the solitary barrack-room was to surrender his majesty's furniture in the order the officer had received it, agreeable to the specification pasted on the inside of the door.

After seeing Mrs. Williamson off, I joined the officers on the parade; and, as Williamson had not yet returned from the hotel, I found my brother, who was next in command, (the field-officer being on leave of absence,) doing as much for him as kindness suggested, or etiquette would permit; but there were many arrangements which no one but Williamson himself could make. One man, for instance, would be thankful for a pound in advance, to pay his poor wife's expenses back to her family in Ireland; another man solicited the loan of a few shillings, to pay the serjeant of his company a small debt he had contracted; and a third wished to know whether he would be paid for the stopper of his firelock. Upon the latter claim an animated discussion took place, as to whether it came within the regulation or not. At length the colonel commandant arrived on the parade, to take a cursory glance at the order in which the troops marched off; and, to the credit of the regiment which furnished the detachment, it was generally observed, and universally acknowledged, that a finer

draft of men, young, healthy, animated, and in excellent order, had not left the dépôt for many years. The excellent band of the 87th attended: this was a farewell compliment on the part of the officers of that fine corps; and, precisely as the clock under the rifeman struck the hour of six, the troops filed off by threes, to the inspiring air of "The girls we've left behind us," amidst the cheers of the men, women, and children of the garrison; and many a civilian rose from his bed of down at that early hour of the morning, to enliven by his shout of triumph the spirits of those who were leaving their country, on their country's service.

I marched by the side of my brother along the beautiful line of road from Rochester to Gravesend. The Thames lay on our right, winding its majestic course between the low, fertile meadow-land of Kent and Essex; at one moment thrown into sudden refulgence by the pale brilliancy of the watery sun, as it struggled high in the heavens to break through the passing clouds, and then again relapsing into the cold leaden colour of its wintry aspect; speckled with hundreds of white sails gliding silently through its waters—the commercial glory of the first maritime nation in the world.

The troops, hitherto permitted to walk on the march in unrestrained intercourse with each other, were formed into line on our approaching Gravesend, and, filing off by threes, marched in good order to the place of embarkation; and again the enlivening national airs of the band produced that thrilling sickening sensation which cannot be described. I shall never forget the style in which they played "The Wedding of Ballyporeen." The men cheered, the women cried bitterly; and my brother's Irish servant, Denis, said "his heart was in his mouth!"

On our arrival at the Ordnance Wharf, we found the postchaise at the gate of a private residence, and poor Mrs. Williamson was sitting at the open window which projected from the centre of the building. There were other ladies also in the room: they, too, had been weeping; the traces of their sympathy with the sorrowing wife were too visible to be mistaken. I, too, could have wept—I confess I could; for my feelings were linked, as it were, with the departure of the troops, the approaching separation from my brother, and the expressive grief of this amiable, fine young couple. She looked at him, pale and placid, so fair and statue-like—more the representation of a human being, than a human being itself, endowed with life and faculties. Her soft blue eyes were fixed in motionless despair on the object of her pure and virtuous attachment—she scarcely seemed to breathe. The troops filed past, and cheered. The band struck into another and a sadder tune, "As slow our ship her foamy track;" and those who had tried, vainly tried, to administer consolation to her afflicted mind were obliged to bear the senseless frame of the wretched wife from the trying scene of her misery. Oh! what is there on this earth to equal the fondness of a woman's love?

Poor Williamson, the moment he halted the men, went into the house, and then the busy scene of embarking commenced. We found the boats in readiness. Thirty men was the allotted number for each—too many by ten, at least; for the tide, running up against the wind, caused what sailors may well term "a nasty cross sea," and the troops were saturated. Owing to the lubberly conduct of the watermen, one boat got aground, and had the bed of that part of the river been gravel instead of soft mud, she must have swamped; for she went bump, bump, bump, with such violence, that another bump would, I think, have bumped her keel in two. As for the watermen, who were old enough and ugly enough to know better, I pitied them; for I never saw two fellows of their calling, in petticoat trousers, stand the sharp attack of a military rebuke so sheepishly as they did.

At the moment I was stepping into my boat, I heard a scream so shrill and wild, that every one turned simultaneously round to the quarter from whence it came, and, to my horror, I saw an unfortunate woman struggling, with violent and irregular gestures, in the water. I jumped into an empty boat with two soldiers, and by main force (so powerfully did she resist our efforts) we pulled her into the boat, and landed her on the wharf. She was a native

of Ireland, young, and very good-looking. Her husband, a well-conducted man of the regiment, had just embarked, taking with him her only child, a boy of seven years of age; and, oh! how bitterly she called for that child! Prostrating herself at the feet of the serjeant-major, she clasped his knees, and looking up to him in the anguish of a mother's heart, implored him, in the wild accents of despair, to give her back her boy, her darling boy. "For the love of God—for the love of Heaven, serjeant-major, give me my child—my boy—my only sweet, darling, jewel of a boy!" The poor serjeant-major (a portly, well-fashioned man, as serjeants-major usually are,) turned from the misery he could not relieve, in deep distress, and the wretched mourner, relaxing her hold, sprang from the ground with the wildness of a maniac, and eluding the feeble grasp of the soldiers, again threw herself into the river. At that moment an officer of the 69th regiment was landing from an Irish steamer, after parting with a fine boy, his second son; and he was providentially in time to save the afflicted woman from a premature grave. She was taken away in a state of bereavement bordering on insanity.

At length the troops, the baggage, the women and children, and all and everything pertaining to the voyage, were embarked, and the officers relanded to lunch at the Falcon; all except Williamson—he, poor fellow, remained where we left him; and at four o'clock the foretopsail expanded from its folds, the blue-peter was waving in the wind, and the report of a gun came booming along the water, to signify the immediate departure of the vessel. We clasped each other's hands in mournful silence—we cheered each other until the last cheer was faintly lost in the distance—and we lingered on the shore until the darkening twilight closed over the vessel in the distant estuary of the river. I then felt my brother had left me.

Two years after the embarkation of the draft from the ——— regiment, I passed through Sittingbourne, on my return from the Continent, and having but a thirty-shilling Irish note in my pocket, for which I could not get change, I made up my mind to take up my quarters at the "Rose," until a return of post from London. So I sat down, wrote a pathetic appeal to my agent, ordered a roast pheasant for my dinner, and strolled out of the village, in the direction of Mr. Drummond's cottage. I soon arrived at a turn in the road, which led me up one of those beautiful green lanes so peculiar to the woodland scenery of England, and in less than ten minutes I found myself at the white entrance-gate. A chubby, rosy-cheeked child came running out of the lodge, but on observing a stranger, ran in again, calling on its mother,—a nice, matronly-looking young woman, who, wiping her hands on her apron, apologised for the figure I found her in—for it was her washing-week—and admitted me. Instead of proceeding up the avenue, which was sadly overgrown with nettles and weeds, I entered the neat little rustic lodge, and sat down on the chair she had dusted for me with the corner of her apron.

"Pray, ma'am," I inquired, "can you tell me what's become of the young lady who once resided here, and married a soldier-officer about three years ago?"

She raised her head from the steam of her washing-tub, and scanned me with so scrutinising a look, that I felt myself called on to declare at once that I was but a passing stranger, an early friend of the gentleman's.

"Sir," said she, wiping her forehead with the corner of a towel which lay on the dresser, "the poor young lady died of a broken heart, although the doctors here called it consumption. The mother soon followed her, and they both lie together, in the same grave, in the churchyard on the hill yonder. The father—my poor old master—childless and a widower, walks about in a state of gloomy despondency, and will soon follow his wife and child; and then the brave soldier, who caused it all, may return to the little wicker-gate leading into the paddock beyond, where (God help me!) I have often watched him and my poor, dear, young mistress, and he will then see the havoc he has made in this once-happy family!" And the poor woman, overcome by her feelings, sat down and wept.

On my arrival in town, I found my appointment to H.M. ship *Lavinia*, sitting for the West-India station, and in ten days I sailed from Portsmouth, with despatches for the governor of Jamaica. The first thing I met, on landing at Port Royal, was a military funeral. The cap was at the head of the coffin, the sword and the scabbard were crossed, with the sash of the deceased arranged in the usual military style; and the solemn procession, with arms reversed, marched by me, to the measured beat of the muffled drum. Reader! whose funeral was it? Captain Williamson's!

THE POT-BOY AND BOOTS.

Pot-boys are a decidedly peculiar tribe, apparently belonging to the class *Mammalia*, but as they have unfortunately been totally overlooked by all naturalists, ancient and modern, from Aristotle and Pliny down to Cuvier, Buckland and Darwin, it becomes somewhat difficult for a mere unscientific observer to give any satisfactory account of them. With the hope, however, of at last drawing the attention of the learned to this interesting subject, we will endeavour to give a brief sketch of their present condition.

The race of pot-boys is of undeniable antiquity; quotations without number crowd upon us to prove this assertion. We have but to turn up old "Burton" at our elbow, and there we reckon no less than three hundred and eleven, all pat to our purpose. But quotation is out of fashion in these days; a skilful opponent will so manage a brace of them, that you shall talk all night, and leave the positions of your first argument, just where you laid them down, all cold and sodden; you shall skim the froth till you are weary, and leave all the meat behind; till you find your trifle no trifle. No—no quotations, if you are wise.

We have remarked that pot-boys boast a venerable antiquity. Ganymede is the first that we remember as mentioned to have inhabited earth, for "the man what bears the watering-pot," that heavenly tee-totaler, is not of kin to the race of whom we treat. Females, again, appear sometimes to have intruded themselves into the office peculiar to pot-boys; Hebe and Jupiter, Vortigern and Rowena, are cases in point; but though it has been urged upon us by an antiquarian friend, that the pedigree of pot-boys may be traced up to these illustrious stocks, we cannot coincide with him, and are sorry to say we believe that he has been imposed upon by some aspiring Chattertonian beer-bearer, who has persuaded him that a rude imitation of the mysterious chalk inscription behind the bar-door was a veritable druidical memorial. He said he found it in a *barrow*, and true enough he drew it forth from one, even before our friend's eyes. We give no heed to such vain babblings, although there is sufficient evidence to induce us to give some credence to a report which has reached us from another quarter—that the present race of barmaids may be traced up to the ladies aforesaid. The subject is deeply interesting, and we may, perhaps, be induced to lay a paper upon it before the Antiquarian Society; but at present our business is with the pot-boys.

Their antiquity having been thus satisfactorily proved, we shall next proceed to consider their present condition. In studying their habits, appearance, and conduct in the world, we have been led to the conclusion that they are somewhat akin to the satyrs: allusions to the companions of Silenus are trite and unnecessary, but still we are of opinion that the venerable gentleman who met St. Augustin in the wood was once a satyr, *i. e.* a pot-boy. It is a pity we cannot stop to prove it in Greek, that satyr and pot-boy are one; it must be allowed they have often been allied even in England; but, as we said before, we beware of quotations and stick to our text.

Many points of resemblance may be traced between the two. What was the music of Pan's pipes, to the cheerful jingle of the pot-boy, as he sets down his light and fantastic barrow, which seems the manufacture of Syrinx, with a dash? What is there in the tones of Apollo's lyre, to equal the merry chinking of the pewter pots, and the bland inviting voice which echoes "BEE-aw!" "BEE-oo!" (ad infinitum) in lovely cadence around thy suburban dwelling!

Let us take our own peculiar pot-boy—he who marks time for us from nine in the morning till nine at night, almost as regularly as the old house-clock upon the stairs—as an example.

His manner is impressive and full of mystic meaning, and the "young ladies," as with a refined politeness, the consequence of city breeding, he terms the smiling servant-maids upon his "walk," acknowledge it; albeit, as he snatches a kiss behind a porter-pot, some rosy damsel may be heard to exclaim, in a voice between a snarl and a giggle, "that if it warn't for the porter she'd throw the pot at him." But anon she glances at the snowy stones at her feet, and gratefully remembering the scrupulous care with which "Sam"

avoids to sully their purity—"for he wouldn't offend the young ladies for the world"—she relents, and smiles as she tells him "to go away for an impudent feller." And Sam laughs and shows his teeth—he has a fine set of teeth, very white, with particularly long canine incisors—strong proofs of satyrical descent.

But with all his attractions and gallantries, the pot-boy never marries;—nobody ever knew where he came from, nor could it ever be discovered that he had father or mother. He is a mystery, a prodigy. The pot-boy never grows old—or rather, as the period of boyhood departs, just as the hobbledoy begins to emerge into the whickered man,—he disappears, nobody knows how. One day he shall salute you with his accustomed cry; his countenance merry and mischievous as ever; his hat as knowingly cocked; the everlasting greasy newspaper in the open pocket, wide-expanded by constant use; the same easily-braced nether garments; (does he wear them thus slackened, and with the corner of that apron so negligently depending behind, the better to conceal what relics still exist of the caudal appendages proper to satyrs?) with the same easy-going shoes, fitted for no feet but those of a pot-boy, as he shuffles swiftly over the ground, swaying gently between his two well-laden trays of porter and appendages. The next day, he is gone.

One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd beat,
Along the lane, and near his fav'rite wall.
Another came; nor yet upon the street,
Nor near the pump, was heard his usual call!

Samuel had vanished. Another sprang from some unknown cavern of the earth and succeeded him, how like, yet how unlike! He, too, in course of time silently disappeared. A painful doubt now weighed upon our mind, as to the probable fate of these mysterious denizens of the earth. We resolved to question the master of the new "boy," who was for the first time going his rounds under the guidance of the "governor," who was busy in instructing the neophyte where to call, where *tick* was to be given and where refused; but all that was useless, the boy knew it beforehand—by inspiration, we suppose. So we felt no scruple in stopping the great man. After a slight reference to the weather, and a casual digression on the subject of turnips and potatoes, we ventured to inquire, "What had become of his old boy? Was he ill?" "Lord bless you, no!" was the answer, accompanied with a look of mingled compassion and astonishment at the lamentable extent of our ignorance. "Lord bless you, no, sir! I never heard of a pot-boy as was ever ill." "Then why did he go?" "I thought you and he agreed very well." "Oh! we always 'greed' together; but his time was up, d'ye see, so he's gone o'course. Coming directly, ma'am!" and away the landlord bolted to attend upon a fat old lady, who stood perspiring in the gateway, leaving us alone to meditate at our leisure upon his mysterious communication.

A few months after this conversation, we chanced to spend a night at a country inn, several miles off from our place of residence. Coming in late in the evening, wet and tired, our first call, after establishing ourselves in our quarters, was for the Boots. Presently a tap was heard at the door, and exclaiming, "Who's there?" "Bee-oots!" was the answer, in a voice we thought we knew, and which was instantly followed by its owner, who appeared clad in the due professional costume, the plush jacket or natural skin of the animal,—naturalists are at fault on this point; the dingy unmentionables, which never could have been made by mortal tailor, the high-lows, and the scrubby fur cap, duly doffed, as its proprietor entered the apartment, bearing his implements of office. We gazed upon him, as he advanced with stooping shoulders, which gave him the appearance of never having stood upright, and contemplated his dingy features and shock head of hair, black as his hands, with great curiosity. Could it be Sam? It seemed impossible. Sam was upright as a dart, and his light-brown-hair, carefully turned in flat curls upon his temples, was the admiration of all his former favourites. We took a front view of the Boots before us, a three-quarter view, and gazed upon his face in profile; surely it must be Sam. Meantime we had been drawing off our boots, and preferring our own slippers to those procrustean articles produced on such occasions, as inseparable from the boot-jack, Boots got up from the ground, where he had been reverently kneeling at our feet; he turned and was leaving the room, when we called him back, and pretending an object in our inquiry, we asked him if he were born in that part of the country. "Can't exactly say, sir," he replied, twisting his features into a most curious expression of countenance, which reminded me more strongly than ever of Sam, "I belongs to the house, like"—and he shuffled rapidly towards the door. "Didn't you once live at the Eagle

and Tom Tit, at Pentonville!" we called after him as he pulled open the door with very little ceremony, and then, turning back just as he got into the passage, he put his head into the room, and grinning till he showed the whole of a set of white teeth, which we could have sworn to, he added, "I never heard tell of sitch a place in all my days!"—and he laughed a low deep chuckle and disappeared.

Our curiosity had been so much excited, that when the waiter came into the room, we made some inquiries of him concerning the Boots, and in the first place asked if he knew his name. "Can't exactly say, sir," replied the waiter, "they call him Bill the Boots; never heard no other name." "Do you know where he comes from? I have an idea I have seen him before." "Don't know, sir; he was took with the house: these Boots like always is a sort of fixtures, though they don't charge 'em in the inventory." And the waiter laughed at his own joke, and dusted the side-board so hard, that all the glasses jingled again.

Next morning we could not manage to find out Boots, and though we stood in the centre of the inn-yard for a quarter of an hour, and in that interval heard Boots called, and heard him answer in half-a-dozen different directions, yet we could by no means catch sight of him; so we left his trespresence with the waiter, and took our seat in the London coach.

We were the only passenger; and as we lay back in our solitary corner, we could not help recurring to the extraordinary answers given by Bill the Boots and the waiter. We recalled to our memory all that we had ever heard concerning those singular anomalies, Boots; we well knew that no person had seen them asleep, either by night or day; that no landlady was ever known to think of providing bed, sheets, or blanket for a Boots; and that no ostler had ever discovered one asleep in the hay-loft. At any hour of the four-and-twenty, Boots is forthcoming. He lights the gentleman who chooses to sit up till four o'clock to bed; he calls the gentleman who is to be waked at five. But the moment his services are ended, he disappears mysteriously, and none know what has become of him. Some have supposed that, like the genius of the ring, he becomes invisible when his task is done, and so remains until he is again evoked; others that, like the Mauth Doog, the infernal quadruped that haunted Ramsay Castle, or like Caliban in the "Tempest," he hides himself in some undiscoverable recess.

We began gravely and seriously to ponder upon all the mysterious facts we had gathered concerning pot-boys and Boots, and we came to the conclusion that they are essentially the same; though as the pot-boy increases in age, seriousness and dinginess, he secedes from that unworthy occupation, and, seeking the den of a full-grown Caliban, there undergoes a transformation, and emerges perfect Boots. Sometimes this happens before the time fixed by Fate for the final evaporation of the ancient Boots has arrived, and then the peaceful inhabitants are astonished at the apparition of a second Boots, whom old Robin calls *his man*. No one ventures to say anything, for there is a fearful glare in Robin's red eye, when any one attempts to pry into his secrets; and the two Boots live on together no one knows how, till at length Robin disappears altogether, and Bill reigns in his stead.

How this race is kept up has hitherto baffled our researches. The chambermaid—nay, the very cooks' substitutes—assistants—helps—they fly from the addresses of Boots; and were one to present himself at the altar, we think every clergyman would hesitate before he performed such a ceremony for a thing of such questionable humanity. Some patient antiquarian, or enterprising modern inquirer, may perhaps clear up their mysterious origin; but, until then, the nature of pot-boys and Boots must remain in darkness.

Such was the theory which we had erected to our own perfect satisfaction as we rode from Colchester to London, and we proceeded immediately on our arrival to work it out to its fullest perfection, for the astonishment and gratification of all the learned societies of Europe. But, one melancholy morning, we found all our inquiries and speculations scattered to the winds; we were suddenly convinced of the philanthropy of the landlord of the Eagle and Tomtit, and the facetiousness of the waiter at the inn; for, taking up the newspaper, we there read an account of one Samuel Simpson, *alias* Bill the Boots, being transported for fourteen years for housebreaking. It further appeared on the trial, that he had been formerly convicted for stealing fowls whilst he was a pot-boy at the Eagle and Tomtit at Pentonville. Here was decided proof that pot-boys and Boots are human creatures; for surely, if he had been a satyr, they certainly would never have received Sam on board the Hulks, but have forthwith transmitted him to the Zoological Gardens, to keep company with the chimpanzee.

NEW LEBANON SPRINGS, AND THE SHAKERS.

MR. ANDREW BELL, the author of a work entitled "Men and Things in America," thus describes a visit which he paid to the Shakers. He went from New York to Albany, by the steamer; walked from Albany to Troy, intending to take "the stage," from thence to New Lebanon Springs, "a kind of dwarf Cheltenham, and much resorted to by company for the sanative power of its waters, or for pastime;" but when he arrived, he found he had missed the morning stage; he determined, therefore, to walk on, and allow the evening stage to overtake him. Passing over his walking and coaching adventures, including a conversation with the driver of the evening stage, who, it seems, was once on the point of being buried alive, if he had not revived and made a "demonstration" to his friends, we commence our quotation not far from the settlement of the Shakers:—

At Nassau, two miles from New Lebanon, we changed our driver. As I did not like his appearance quite so well as that of my "dead alive," I got inside, where I encountered an elderly man, with a gruff voice, who I could only see was fat, and who annoyed me greatly with questions, whether I was "a traveller, or a clergyman, or a merchant, or a mechanic, or—" I stopped him here, thinking he might even go lower in his conjectures as to what I might be, and said to him, "My good sir, just imagine that I am nothing at all—that I am nobody." I was not aware, at that time, that the term "mechanic" has a different meaning there than with us: it is generally applied to master tradesmen in different callings, especially workers in metal, such as machinists, brass-founders, and the like; also to engineers, railroad contractors, &c. This man, whose property he said lay near, soon got down and left us. I was not sorry for his absence. I could have been glad that he had left his daughter behind him, who was a well-spoken young lady. Whether her person were as agreeable as her conversation, I cannot say.

The watering-place, called New Lebanon Springs, is built on the top of a hill, of gentle ascent. It is composed of a bathing-house and three very extensive and stately taverns, forming a kind of square; its conspicuous position upon a hill, like "a city that cannot be hid," at a distance, with the hundred shifting lights in the windows, gave it the appearance of some illuminated palace in a theatrical scene; a comparison that was still further helped by the sounds of music and revelry, which fell upon the ear as we approached it. Having taken up my quarters at one of the taverns, I found myself in the midst of the gayest company I had yet mixed with in America. It is a resort for many invalids, to get rid of cutaneous and other diseases, in the first of which the waters are said to be very useful; but a much greater number repair thither to shake off the spleen, or are idlers who merely come to kill time. It is, in short, a place of innocent dissipation. Although not of the gayest turn of mind myself, I have always been, like Goldsmith's Doctor Primrose, an admirer of happy faces; and here there was a freedom of intercourse, a forgetfulness of the cares of life, an oblivion of its distinctions, all reigning about this charming spot, which it was quite delightful to meet with, and what I hardly expected to find, and indeed never did find afterward, in any part of America. Numbers of the young ladies, some with their parents, but mostly with their sweethearts, tired with much dancing in the concert-room, were walking about the grounds, pleasantly laid out garden-fashion, in the centre area of the buildings; the *loup*, or colonnade in front of the taverns, had rows of chairs for gentlemen; and there sat the latter smoking, discussing lightly their own affairs or those of the nation; and all the world enjoying itself in its own way. But the tell-tale moonlight, which shone bright over all, showed me lady arms twined round favoured necks, with a most loving simplicity that thought no ill. These pairs moved about jauntily, keeping time in their steps to the cadence of imaginary music, the instruments having now ceased. It grew late, but no one seemed to think of going to rest: how could they; and leave such a bright shining moon behind!

Early next morning, which was Sunday, I got up to have a look at the healing waters. I found twenty or thirty people assembled around them, and drinking them by large tumblers-full, being used both inwardly and outwardly. It is the most remarkable water I have ever seen for clearness. The bottom of the reservoir was

lined with a shining, silvery gray-coloured deposit; and the fluid over it so transparent, that at a few feet distance it was difficult to believe there could be water there at all. Thin wreaths of smoke curled lightly over the reservoir's mouth. This hot spring issues from a rock, with a flow of eighteen barrels a minute. Part of that water is carried, by means of pipes, into the baths hard by.

Besides the large taverns on Mount Lebanon, there are several smaller buildings, such as out-houses, and a considerable dairy-farm. The view from this place over the country, especially towards the west, is very extensive and beautiful. Besides some intermediate villages, it includes the town of Nassau and a tolerable expanse of country beyond, but is intercepted by the high land that shuts up the Hudson, in the direction of Troy and Saratoga. The latter is famous for its waters also, and well known to us by the mortifying surrender of Burgoyne and his army to the Americans. To the north are the Catskill Mountains, ranged like a long line of giants, the nearer peaks darkly green, the further fading into different tints of blue. And in this direction, to the right and near to the spectator, are the broad slopes of other hills of inferior height, extending from east to west with a long sweep, covered with forests of funereal-looking pine. Here and there the roofs of small wooden dwellings peep forth; the thin, blue, early morning smoke, when I saw them, beginning to rise. There are but few of these, and they only slightly break the sombre monotony of the scene. Not a sound arises from this part of the landscape. The "song of early bird" is nowhere to be heard. It is the sabbath, and one would think that nature herself rested from her labours. I have often had occasion to remark the stillness of American scenery. Of singing birds, wherever I have been, there is a great scarcity. There are no skylarks; neither are there any daisies! Can the country ever be poetical? On this occasion I could see no fowls in the air, nor animals of any kind in the woods, excepting now and then a ground-squirrel; which it must be owned are pretty little creatures, but very shy. Even the crows and rooks of England are wanting, whose noisy presence would be most desirable to break up the stillness that surrounds one on every side. The absence of hedge-rows is another cause of baldness in their landscapes. The mode of fencing differs in different parts of America. In the upper portion of the state of New York, where I now was, (at a short distance from the western boundary line of Connecticut,) the fields are inclosed with zigzag fences. They are composed of long stakes placed horizontally, their points crossing and forming a series of obtuse angles, raised upon rails driven into the ground. At a distance, looking at them from above, they present an outline such as you see traced on the engraved plans of fortifications.

Three miles off, but to the north-west, the buildings hid from view by an interposing hill, crowned with wood, is the great Shaker establishment. The upper parts of their farms are, however, in sight, and in an admirable state of cultivation they are said to be.

Having breakfasted early at the tavern, along with some twenty persons, mostly gentlemen, (few of the ladies being visible as yet,) I set out to visit the Shakers. After a circuitous walk of three miles, I found myself in front of their meeting-house. It is a plain square building, having the exterior of a large riding-house. It was not yet opened. Opposite to it, the high road passing between, is the trustee's house, a substantially built and very neat structure, two stories high; such a place as would be fit for the residence of an English gentleman of moderate fortune. This building, with the meeting-house, school-house, &c., stands on rising ground, which still continues to ascend till it ends in a woody ridge. The descending ground, whereon stands the meeting-house, ends in a hollow, inclosing various mills and workshops, advantageously placed about a stream which there runs, so as to make its water-power available. As for the dwellings of the brethren, owing to the undulating surface of the land, scarce one is visible from the spot I have been trying to describe; they are scattered up and down in all directions on the different farms. Having no one to point out the property to me, or give me any authentic information about the society, I inquired of one of the first brothers I met whether the establishment could be seen that day? He answered me briefly, but civilly, that Sunday was an inconvenient day; but that if I were only "curious to see their worship," the meeting-house would be opened in an hour or two. I told him that was not all I wanted; that I had come from afar, and wished to get as much information as they were willing to give. After some slight hesitation, he knocked at the door of the headquarters, and it was opened by "a sister," an elderly female, who showed me up to "the elder." This was a middle-aged man, shrewd-looking and intelligent, with an intellectual forehead and

penetrating eye. He seemed a perfect man of the world, and was of ready speech, having certainly nothing of the enthusiast in looks, manners, or conversation. He asked me what I wanted with him. I made an apology for coming on such a day, when, as I had just heard, it was not usual for visitors to be received: but that I had come from abroad, was pressed for time, as I was obliged to hasten back to New York, &c. He told me that it was not possible for him to show me the working part of the establishment, nor the grounds, because it was with them a day of absolute rest, and therefore he had no one to send with me; but he would willingly show me the government-house, which he thereupon did, and took me through the different rooms himself, with unceremonious civility. They were all well and substantially, though plainly furnished, and particularly neat and clean; the whole a model of order and comfort. The *pièce de touche* of a house is its kitchen, and none in London could exceed theirs in neatness of equipment. If the great business of life be to live well, in one sense of these words no means or appliances are wanting in the premises set apart for "the elders and trustees of the people called Shaking Quakers." One apartment, which he called "the store," was full of articles of light manufacture, for sale to visitors or others, mostly the handiwork of the sisters—such as baskets, cradles, and the like, with packets and samples of various kinds of seeds and grain, plants, bundles of healing herbs, &c. He assured me these were in great request in most parts of the country around, and their sale added considerably to the general funds; also, that the general produce of their fields and dairies had a higher value in the market than that of other producers. Next to the store he showed me the laboratory. He told me that more than one of the "brothers" had studied medicine; and that they had everything "within themselves," even to a printing-house.

We now returned to the sitting-room, and he seemed to be preparing to leave me; but I had a desire similar to that of Voltaire, who, in his *Travels in England*, relates that he asked Thomas White, of London, a leading Quaker, to whom he was introduced, "to be good enough to instruct him in his religion." I expressed to my Shaker, though in less direct terms, a similar wish. He asked me, fixing his keen eyes on mine, if ever I had heard anything remarkable about them in my own country before? I said I had not, excepting some slight accounts I had read in books of tourists, who all treated the subject in a strain of levity that had induced me to put little trust in them. He said that his duties would prevent him, for the present, from gratifying my desire; but that it was a pity I was so urgent, as I was welcome to call next day, or whenever it suited me, and that then he, or some other to whom he would mention my desire, would give me every reasonable explanation. "In the meantime," said he, directing my attention to a heavy octavo volume lying on the table, "there is a book which will tell thee more about our people than I can. And here again is a little work, lately sent forth by us, in our own defence, which will explain some things that concern us: should thou never find time to read it, it will be as a remembrance to thee—of my brethren, I was going to say, but they are thine also." So saying, he put into my hand a small pamphlet of thirty-six pages, 12mo. "To-day," said he, "thou mayst see, if thou wilt, a kind of worship which will be altogether new to thee. The hour of meeting will soon arrive, and so I must leave thee; but take thy seat at that window, and thou mayst turn the interval to profit by perusing the volume I have shown thee." So saying, he left me.—I here copy the title of the Shaker's pamphlet, thus kindly given; it was drawn up on occasion of some attacks made upon them by the State legislature: "A brief Exposition of the established Principles and Regulations of the United Society of Believers called Shakers. *O magna vis veritatis!* Cic. 'The power of truth is great, it must and will prevail. When false reports shall cease, and slanderous tongues shall fail.'"

The government of this singular community is founded on moral and religious principles: if they at all act up to what they profess, it might be a good thing for the world that Shaker establishments were more common. It is true I heard some scandalous anecdotes about them in their own neighbourhood, of clandestine connexions between certain brothers and sisters, and how that children had been born, and made away with, &c. &c.; but such stories are sure to get abroad, whether well-founded or not. Their pretensions to greater purity of life than others—both sexes living "even as the angels in heaven"—expose them naturally to animadversion; besides, their great prosperity is enough to make them envied by most and hated by many. The motto they chose for their pamphlet contains a consoling yet false assertion, that we confidently read in the books of philosophers when

young, but which our experience of the world afterwards obliges us, with a sigh, to refuse our assent to. How many times do good men descend to their graves, overborne with calumnies, which few ever take the trouble to examine into? If tardy justice is sometimes done to the injured in this world, (and this world was all that the ancient sophist's aphorism could refer to,) such justice is so rarely done as to form no rule, but is rather the exception. Most people are ever eager to listen to what makes against their neighbours, and hear with listlessness or impatience what can be said in their behalf. A remarkable instance of this occurred with respect to these same Shakers, which sufficiently proved that their Latin motto (Ciceronian though it may be) enounces a "vulgar error." A few months after my visit to them, one of the elders formed an attachment to a sister, and they agreed to leave the community, and get married. He had a right to do so, and none of his brethren objected to it. He gave proper notice to his colleagues months before he left, arranged his affairs, and parted with every one on the most amicable terms; at the same time quitting the community poorer than he entered it, for he took away no money, except a present given to him by his brethren—not as a *right*, for they recognise no claims of restitution, but as a testimony of their respect. Well—an Albany journal, immediately getting false information of the affair from some "kind neighbours" of the Shakers, roundly asserted that their principal trustee, "the keeper of the bag," had (Judas-like) betrayed his trust, and run off with the priestest of all the young sisters, and an immense sum of money besides! Immediately this slander was eagerly copied into more than a thousand other lying newspapers of the United States. The individual in question (who may have been the very man whose conversation with me I have reported above) immediately wrote an indignant contradiction to a leading journal of New York. Not more than half-a-dozen out of the thousand just mentioned ever took the least notice of it; and thus, up to this time, and probably for ever, a respectable man is believed by millions of his countrymen to be a consummate scoundrel. "*Magna est veritas, et prevalebit!*" It will indeed prevail a bit, and a very small one too. No, no—unhappily slanderous tongues will never "fail." But these were after-reflections. Meantime I set myself seriously to read the heavy book he spoke of, which was a most voluminous history of the Shakers, from the time of their first foundation by Ann Lee, the wife of an English blacksmith. That good old lady, finding that prophetesses have no honour in their own country, left Toad-lane in Manchester, and came to America in 1774; probably finding our little island too small for her! In Toad-lane she had already dreamed dreams and seen visions, but few attended to them; while in America her accounts of them were listened to with respect. By and by the believers formed a sect, and various supposed manifestations of the Spirit shone forth in others of the members. The ground on which the Shakers, as well as most other enthusiasts rest—as, for instance, the French convulsionaries of the past, and the "unknown tongue" visionaries of the present century—is this, that nowhere in Scripture is it said that spiritual gifts ceased with the apostles. Accordingly, long details are given in the above-mentioned work, which, though related in earnest language, and with a plausible circumstantiality, yet seem quite ludicrous to one who is "of the world, worldly." I could only dip here and there into such a massive volume, which contained full 700 closely-printed octavo pages; for, independent of the absurdity of the subject, my attention was ever and anon diverted from it by the scene passing outside. As the hour of service approached, a flock of visitors began to arrive, some on foot, but mostly in carriages. No less than three stages came, full of ladies and gentlemen, from Lebanon Springs alone. Presently came "brothers and sisters" in quick succession: they were mostly conveyed in well-built spring-carts, and all dressed in the same sober uniform, which is even plainer than that of the Quakers, and as spotlessly clean. The men wore old-fashioned square-cut fustian frock coats; plain-fronted shirts, without collars; some few with ample cravats, but mostly without. The women wore a dress of light greyish fawn-coloured stuff, fashioned in such a way as to hide as much as possible the contour of the body, and make all the sisters appear of one shape. They wore very high-heeled shoes, which added considerably to the height of their persons; and, being generally lean, and destitute of any projections to break their straight poplar-tree-like outline, gave most of them, when they stood up, the appearance of the ghosts of giantesses. Most of their complexions were pale, and their looks universally downcast and melancholy. At first they took their places on long forms ranged under the walls to the right; over their heads was a long row of pegs for bonnets. Their head-pieces

were of a shape like that of our coal-scoops, with retrenched handles: the material they were made of was apparently some cheap cotton fabric, and its colour a slaty gray. Similarly ranged, on the opposite side to them, sat the brethren, each under the shadow, not of his own fig-tree, but of an immense broad-brimmed hat of plaited straw; and a useful article this is, too, in summer. The position and look they assumed was the same as that of the sisters; and the hands of all were disposed in a convenient fashion for what is called *thumb-twaddling*.

The visitors had entered by side-doors in front of the building—the ladies by one door, the gentlemen by another; the same separation of sexes being observed for the audience as for the performers. The latter sat sideways to the rows of the sisters, the former were similarly placed as to the brethren; and we were ranged on seats sloping down from the entry-wall for a short way into the room. Behind the sisters was their door of entry; the brethren entered from behind also, but the door of the latter led into a side-room, like a vestry: thus were all parties kept separate. There were about 150 men, and, as near as may be, the same number of women. The spectators were full 200, occupying but a small space.

After the doors were shut, a dead stillness prevailed among the members for ten or fifteen minutes, and the silence was maintained unbroken by us also. All at once we were startled by a man's rising up with a sudden jerk: the others got on their legs in an instant, and after taking off hats, hanging them up, and stripping themselves to their shirts, they huddled the chairs together, and drew up in a long line. A similar operation was going on among the sisters—omitting the stripping; they unbonnetted, however, and taking off their tiny shawls, stood up opposite to the men. These confronting lines were not parallel, but rather angular, so as to increase their length, the open part of the angle being that nearest to us. No two lines were ever more admirably *dressed* by any drill-serjeant. Midway between the ranks stood a select band of women, about a dozen or so, upon whom, as on a pivot, the whole machinery of the evolutions that followed seemed to turn. These always sung (or screamed) the loudest, and gesticulated the most energetically. They were like the *fuglemen* to a regiment when it is exercised. But let us take things in their order.

The two parties stood as immovable as a long avenue of statues, with eyes fixed on the ground, for full five minutes: at the end of that time symptoms of life began to manifest themselves by a kind of spasmodic projecting and retracting of some of the sisters' toes, which presently spread along the whole female line, and then communicated itself to the men by a quick infection: to this was soon added an astounding yell, the starting-note of a kind of ranting hymn, uttered by the strongest voice of the centre band, which was immediately caught up by all, and off they set, in a kind of singing gallopade. The same words were no doubt sung by every one, but the confusion of so many voices, some not keeping exact time, made it difficult to hear them connectedly. They rang the changes, however, very often on the following lines—

"In day of doom will Jesus come
To save my soul alive!
To save my soul alive!"

Their style of singing, I am almost ashamed to say, made me think directly of Signor Corri; for even in the most sacred places will profane thoughts now and then intrude. This singer, while in England, one day passing near a meeting-house of Ranters, while voicing an uproarious hymn, put his hands in his sensitive Italian ears, and asked, with a look of dismay, "Vat deese peoples vere dooin'." Being told they were singing the praises of God, he rejoined, "Den dey must tink he haf ver' bad ear."

The hymn, or whatever it were, of the Shakers was "a joyful noise" to the letter. All this while the brothers and sisters were moving about, sometimes in circles, at other times in ellipses; one while the brothers stood still, and let the sisters whirl round them—otherwhiles the reverse; but, however the figure changed, there was never any commingling of sexes. Both had their arms drawn close to their bodies, leaving their hands sticking up in a strange manner; and with these last, like a turtle's fins, they kept *flapping* time to the quick measure of their song. Meantime, loudest and most active in all this were the centre band of women. Many of them were quite hoarse before it was concluded. There they stood, like the axis of a wheel, while round them moved the wide periphery of this "periodical fit of distraction," as dounce old David Deans would say. At last, with every appearance of fatigue and lassitude, again they sat down, and a dead silence reigned for

fifteen minutes or so. Then the Spirit moved a man to get up and speak. He was evidently a "weak brother." His rambling, unintelligible discourse united the two essentials of bad oratory, being at once extravagant and dull; it was really what old Colonel Crockett would have called a strain of "almighty twaddle." When he had ceased, after a reasonable pause another got up: this was a speaker altogether of a different stamp, but his discourse was much more addressed to us than to his own people. He intimated, among other things, while deprecating the contempt of the world for his community, that it contained in its body some who had been well considered by that world they had renounced for ever: it was not because the world despised them that they left a distinguished place in its ranks; it was because they despised it, on account of its vanity, its nothingness, its total insufficiency, with all its allurements, to satisfy a reasonable soul. So long as he confined himself to this part of the subject, he spoke with easy fluency and great feeling. I strongly suspected, indeed, that he alluded, in much of what he said on this head, to himself; but when he came to treat of the peculiar notions of the Shakers, there was a sad falling off—he sank at once into downright rigmorole. The following was the sum of this part of his discourse:—Jesus Christ was man only, though inspired of God. He lived a pure life in this world by the Divine assistance. Ordinary mortals were not favoured with that assistance, at least to so great an extent, and therefore could not reach the same perfection that he did; but, by retiring from the world, and living a life of celibacy, it was still possible to attain to a great though inferior degree of purity—even to make human beings, in the end, fit for the society of angels in heaven.

After having conveyed this kilderkin of meaning in a tun of words, he suddenly stopped, and sat down; then there was silence again for a quarter of an hour. The "Spirit" moving no one else to speak, the affair closed as it had begun, only to another tune, which was of a slower measure, but carefully kept time to, with the same wagging of *fins* as before; the figures also were a little different, and of course having a less dizzying effect on the spectator's head. No Bible or Psalter-book, indeed no book of any kind, was used, nor prayers offered up; all was either extempore or learned by heart: howbeit their evolutions must have been well practised, for they were as perfect as those of dancing on a stage. When this second vocal gallopade was finished, the doors were thrown open, and the meeting broke up. The sisters immediately departed; the majority of them got into spring-carts, and in these were driven home by one or other of the brethren. Those of the latter who remained dispersed into little groups, probably discussing the merits of the speakers; and I, observing that they shunned contact with "the world" to which I belonged, and having no hope of further edification or amusement, took a first and last farewell of the Shakers.

ANECDOTE OF CATALANI.

HER want of literary attainments, joined to her vivacity in conversation, sometimes produced ludicrous scenes. When at the court of Weimar, she was placed, at a dinner-party, by the side of Goethe, as a mark of respect to her on the part of her royal host. The lady knew nothing of Goethe, but being struck by his majestic appearance, and the great attention of which he was the object, she inquired of the gentleman on her other side what was his name. "The celebrated Goethe, madame," was the answer. "Pray, on what instrument does he play?" was the next question. "He is no performer, madame—he is the renowned author of 'Werter'." "Oh, yes, yes, I remember," said Catalani; and turning to the venerable poet, she addressed him, "Ah, sir, what an admirer I am of 'Werter'!" A low bow was the acknowledgment of so flattering a compliment. "I never," continued the lively lady, "I never read anything half so laughable in all my life. What a capital farce it is, sir!" "Madame," said the poet, looking aghast, "the 'Sorrrows of Werter' a farce?" "Oh, yes—never was anything so exquisitely ridiculous!" rejoined Catalani, laughing heartily as she enjoyed the remembrance. And it turned out that she had been talking all the while of a ridiculous parody of Werter, which had been performed at one of the minor theatres of Paris, and in which the sentimentality of Goethe's tale had been unmercifully ridiculed. The poet did not get over his mortification the whole evening, and the fair singer's credit at the court of Weimar was sadly impaired by this display of her ignorance of the illustrious Goethe and the "Sorrrows of Werter."—*Hogarth's Musical Drama.*

WALKS IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF LONDON.

KINGSBURY GROVE.

WE were seized with an enthusiastic desire to visit the celebrated collection of Thomas Harris, Esq. of Kingsbury Grove, near Edgware; and Wednesday being the show-day, we had no difficulty in deciding as to whether we should go the beginning, end, or middle of the week; the only thing was to get a fine Wednesday, and one that was suitable in other respects. But it so happened that for many weeks the Wednesdays were either decidedly wet, or some unavoidable engagement postponed our stroll; till at last, we determined, even if the day should not be very fine, to sally forth. The early part of the morning was not indeed very promising, and rain came on, and as there was every appearance of a thorough wet day, we delayed our departure till nine, when, to our great delight, the clouds cleared away, and we made the best of our way towards the Edgware-road. We had proceeded but a short distance on our way thither, when in Cambridge-terrace we were attracted by the splendid and unique residence of the well-known traveller and botanist, Captain Mangles, in honour of whom that elegant plant *Rhodanthe Manglesii* is named. The exterior of this house is beautifully finished in every part, and is most tastefully ornamented with china pots and vases, filled with plants, so fresh and green in their foliage, and so resplendent in flowers of every hue, that the passer-by cannot but be struck with so unusual and so unexpected a treat in a street of the metropolis; and can it excite surprise, that it should be known by the epithet of "That beautiful house with the flowers?" Indeed, contrasting this gem of gems with the houses around it, we can only compare it to a precious stone of the highest polish, placed in a row with those just brought from the quarry, or to a diamond of the finest water with those in the rough! The interior corresponds in every respect with the beauty of the exterior, and in every room the objects of attraction and interest are innumerable. Among the most remarkable of the pictures is one over the fire-place in the drawing-room, representing the opening of an Egyptian tomb, in 1817, by the Captain himself, a most interesting account of which is given in his *Travels in Egypt and Syria*. There is a small, but elegant conservatory, entered from the staircase to the first floor, containing a great variety of the newest and most beautiful flowering plants. They are all arranged with the greatest taste, and kept in the very best order. Nothing can exceed the liberality and kindness of Captain Mangles, in permitting strangers to see his house; a recommendation from any of the Captain's friends—and few persons have more friends—being quite sufficient to gain a stranger admittance.

In continuing our stroll, we could not help observing the rapid increase of buildings on both sides of the Edgware-road, and were particularly struck with the superior style of architecture of the houses now erecting on the left, compared with those on the right which we had been accustomed to see many years back; and we could not help reflecting on the time when all that part of the country was covered with forests, or so thinly inhabited, that even as far as Paddington, which now fairly lays claim to be reckoned as part of London, there was not a single hedge-alehouse for the weary traveller. As a proof of this, a story is told of two maiden ladies who being on their way to London on foot, were benighted at Paddington, and were most dreadfully alarmed at not being able to procure a shelter for the night as they had done at other places they passed through. After wandering about some time, they were hospitably taken in by a very poor family, and as comfortably lodged as their poverty would permit. The ladies, on taking leave of their kind benefactors on the following morning, promised that not only this family, but all the poor in the parish of Paddington, should be supplied with bread and cheese at stated times of the year; and when they died, a sum of money was left in perpetuity for that purpose; but under the condition that the bread and cheese should first be conveyed to the top of the church steeple, and then thrown down among the people, to be picked up by any one who could get it! This was done for a long period, and

indeed the practice has only been discontinued about ten or twelve years, when it was found so troublesome, and to occasion so many quarrels, and so much confusion, that the money left for this purpose by the ladies was employed in purchasing small portions of land for the benefit of the Paddington poor; and to this day these lands are known by the name of the "Bread-and-Cheese Lands," a small stone being erected on each allotment, bearing the letters *B. C.* One of these stones may now be seen at any time close by the Bayswater-road, near the one-milestone; and another in Mr. Hopgood's nursery close by.

The next place which recalled the recollection of by-gone days was Kilburn Wells, which although it has now no pretensions whatever to be called a favourite place of public resort, was in former times famous for its waters, and was on that account very much frequented. We were here very much disappointed in being deprived of a sight of the cottage, celebrated as being the residence of Oliver Goldsmith; and in which he is supposed to have written the "Vicar of Wakefield," and the "Deserted Village;" it having been recently pulled down, to make way for the contemplated improvements in that neighbourhood.

The rain still continued, but we were not much inconvenienced by it, and continued our stroll, passing Cricklewood on the right, once the abode of the eccentric Lady Huntingdon; and after an hour's walk, we reached Kingsbury Grove, where we were soon absorbed in contemplating the wonders of the *Cacti*.

The *Cactus* tribe perhaps presents some of the most singular of all vegetable forms. The plants are leafless, and the stems are developed in the most eccentric shapes, apparently as if to supply the place of foliage; and their appearance altogether presents a character so little according with our ideas of any species of plant, that we can hardly feel convinced that what we are contemplating belongs to the same kingdom as the majestic oak or the lofty palm. These plants are principally found on hot, dry, and rocky plains, where the common forms of vegetation cannot exist; and they are, therefore, a wonderful means which nature has provided for the support of man, where neither food nor water can be procured. They abound in a very refreshing pleasant juice, and the fruit is by many considered not inferior to gooseberries. Karwinski informs us, that several of the *Opuntia* (a division of the *Cacti*) are the favourite food in Italy, Greece, and Spain, and in the latter country he says, "The love of eating this fruit is carried even to a passion. Many admirers of it eat a hundred at a time; and several people die every year, in consequence of having partaken too freely of this delicacy. Death from this excess is generally as sudden as that of cholera, and particularly to those who try to mitigate the complaint by drinking brandy."

We were much struck with the very extensive and varied collection of the *cacti*, at Kingsbury; and particularly with the manner of raising them from seed in beds without pots, which is so skilfully practised by Mr. Harris's scientific and intelligent gardener, Mr. Beaton; and we were equally gratified in beholding the *Cactus ingens*, of which we had heard so much. This species is of a large globular form, and in its native country (Mexico) grows to such an enormous size that it is used by smugglers for concealing their contraband goods, particularly brandy: for this purpose, the inner part of the plant is scooped out, and the empty space filled with the goods or liquor to be concealed; the piece of the rind that was cut out is then carefully replaced, and the plant carried to its place of destination. This species, like most of the others of the genus *cacti*, is covered with very sharp, strong, and pointed spines, which have always been found a great annoyance to travellers in the temperate and tropical parts of America. Indeed many travellers, nay, even the most zealous collectors, consider the *cacti* as their greatest enemies; and Poeppig, in his "Travels in Chili and Peru," calls them, "the abominable cactus vegetation." Surprising as it may appear, these formidable spines do not deter the attacks of cattle in their native country, where these plants prove of immense value in satisfying their thirst when all the springs are dried up. "The mules," says Professor Zuccarini, "are very clever in kicking off pieces of the large

cacti with their hoofs in order that they may suck the juice, which then flows in great abundance." In private collections, the greatest enemies of the cacti are mice, rats, and bats, which attack, and frequently destroy these plants, however thickly set with spines they may be. We also saw here one of the most conspicuous of the cacti called the *Cereus senilis*, or the Old Man's Head; and, indeed, few names can be more appropriate, as the white hairs with which it is covered, particularly on the top of the plant, so exactly resemble those of a venerable old man, that for many a day after seeing this specimen, when such an appearance of old age met our eye, we could not help being struck with the justness of the comparison. Here is also the torch-thistle (*Cereus*), which in Brazil, its native country, grows to such an enormous height, that Von Martius observes, that "the chain of mountains, on the top of which they abound, though now considered lofty, would without them be low." Many species of the cacti are well known, even to general observers, by their splendid flowers, being often exhibited at flower-shows, such as the *Cactus speciosissimus* and *C. speciosa*, the flowers of which are of a most brilliant scarlet, or rather crimson, with a purple centre; and the Night-blowing *Cereus*, or Queen of the Night, the white and yellow flowers of which have long been celebrated and admired for the nocturnal visitor; yet few persons are aware of the great interest these plants excite, independently of their flowers, on account of the peculiarities of their forms, and their remarkable properties and uses. It is well known, however, that the cochineal insect used in dyeing, feeds on one of this family, called the *Opuntia cochenillifera*; and we had here the pleasure of seeing that insect on the plant in great numbers, and surrounded, as it always is, by a white woolly substance, like the scale insect on the vine, which it closely resembles. All the species of *Opuntia* grow in very barren places, and in crevices of rocks; and De Candolle observes the wonderful manner in which the European kind, *O. vulgaris*, is employed to fertilise the old lava deposited at the foot of Mount Etna. "As soon," says he, "as a fissure is perceived in the barren masses of lava, a branch or joint of an *Opuntia* is stuck into it, and this almost immediately pushes out roots, which are nourished by the rain that collects around them, or by whatever dust or remains of organic matter may have collected, so as to form a little soil; while the roots, once developed, insinuate themselves into the most minute crevices, expand, and finally break up the lava into fragments. These fragments being pulverised by degrees, from the action of the atmosphere, combine with the decaying mass of vegetation deposited by the dying leaves of the *Opuntia*; and thus become the first beginning of a soil, ready to receive fresh seeds, and to increase still further by the same process, till, in the course of years, the soil is increased to a sufficient depth to nourish grain. In this manner may man, by watching and taking advantage of the wonderful operations of nature, succeed in giving fertility even to a barren rock." The *Cochineal Opuntia* is called Nopal, in Mexico, and in ancient times it was almost held sacred, on account of the scarlet colour produced by the cochineal. It is still used as the symbolical sign of the kingdom of Mexico; and a branch of the Nopal, on which an eagle sits with a serpent of coral in its bill, now forms the arms of the republican government.

We now bade adieu to the interesting cacti, and began to wend our way homewards; only regretting that time did not permit us to extend our walk about a mile further, to visit the farm-house in Hyde-lane, leading to Kinton, in which Oliver Goldsmith wrote "She Stoops to Conquer," and also much of his "Animated Nature," his "History of Greece," and other compilations. Boswell alludes to this place in his "Life of Johnson." "Goldsmith," he says, "told us that he was now busy in writing a Natural History; and that he might have full leisure for it, he had taken lodgings at a farm-house, near to the sixth mile-stone on the Edge-ware-road, and had carried down his books in two returned post-chaises. He said he believed the farmer's family thought him an odd character, similar to that in which the 'Spectator' appeared to his landlady and her children; he was 'the Gentleman.' Mr. Mickle, the translator of the 'Lusiad,' and I went to visit

him at this place, a few days afterwards. He was not at home; but having a curiosity to see his apartment we went in, and found curious scraps of descriptions of animals, scrawled upon the wall with a black-lead pencil."

On leaving Kingsbury Grove, we varied our walk by returning through the romantic and circuitous lanes of Kingsbury, as we were anxious to obtain a glimpse of Bransbury Park, laid out by the celebrated Repton; this place having been recalled to our minds by the recently-published uniform edition of the works of that accomplished landscape gardener, edited by Mr. Loudon. All we had heard of the romantic beauty of this walk did not surpass our expectations; and on approaching the retired and beautiful little church of Kingsbury, which is situated on an eminence, and commands a fine view all over the country, we could not feel surprised that such a spot should be chosen by the sons of Mr. Repton, for the remains of their beloved father. We also viewed it with a peculiar degree of interest, as we knew that in it repose the ashes of a favourite daughter of the present Lord Mansfield, who was so grieved at her loss that he would not permit her body to be conveyed to the family vault, in Scotland; but selected this beautiful church as the sacred depository of one so dear to him; as he knew that he could there privately repair to her tomb. We remembered also being struck when visiting Ken-wood*, his Lordship's beautiful seat, near Hampstead, with hearing of a pretty little garden which belonged to this young lady when a child, and which has been kept locked up ever since with the greatest care, no stranger being permitted to enter, and the gate of the iron palisades being always kept carefully locked by the gardener.

A large, flat, square stone in the church-yard attracted our attention, as it seemed to have been but recently deposited there, and was unaccompanied by any inscription or monument; and the grass, which was so fresh and green everywhere else, was only beginning to grow round this stone. On inquiry, we were informed that there lay deposited four unfortunate youths, who, it may be remembered, a short time ago met a watery grave in the reservoir close by Kingsbury. We added some wild thyme to our rural nosegay, and bidding a melancholy farewell to this interesting spot, proceeded on our journey, and were gratified with a sight of the long-looked-for Bransbury on our right; but, at the same time, we were surprised to find that London had extended so far, as to bring this place within two miles of the metropolis.

The sun was now down, and the green fields, hedges, and flowers gradually disappeared; but the glimmering of the lamps, and the bustle and turmoil of the town, announced that we were now near the spot from which we had set out.

IMMENSITY OF CREATION.

SOME astronomers have computed that there are not less than 75 millions of suns in the universe. The fixed stars are all suns, having, like our sun, numerous planets revolving around them. The solar system, or that to which we belong, has about thirty planets, primary and secondary, belonging to it. The circular field of space which it occupies is in diameter 3600 millions of miles, and that which it controls much greater. The sun which is nearest neighbour to ours is called Sirius, distant from our sun about 52 millions of miles. Now, if all the fixed stars are as distant from each other as Sirius is from our sun, or if our solar system be the average magnitude of all the systems of the 75 millions of suns, what imagination can grasp the immensity of creation! Who can survey a plantation containing 75 millions of circular fields, each 10 millions of miles in diameter? Such, however, is one of the plantations of Him who has measured the waters in the hollow of his hand—meted out heaven with a span—comprehended the dust in a measure—and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance. He who, "sitting upon the orbit of the earth, stretches out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in." Nations to him are "as a drop of a bucket, and are counted as the small dust of the balance;"—and yet, overwhelming thought! he says, "Though I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also will I dwell who is of a humble and contrite spirit, and trembles at my word!"—*Christian Almanack for 1838.*

* The proper name of Lord Mansfield's seat is Ken-wood, *ken* meaning oak in Saxon; and not Caen-wood, as it is generally spelt.

A SABBATH DAY-DREAM.

'I had a dream, which was not all a dream.'

'The weather is so warm, and I have eaten such a dinner, that I am confident I shall fall asleep, if I go to afternoon church. What shall I do, mother?'

'Go to church, Louisa, as your father desires. Listen to the service, with proper devotional feeling; and give Mr. Snorer's sermon your undivided attention, and you will be in no danger of falling asleep.'

'Mother, I have tried that, and for the life of me, I can neither keep my feelings nor my attention alive enough to keep my senses awake. I have to pinch myself, and run pins into my knee, yet all will not do; some invincible power presses down my eyelids; and before I am aware, there I sit, my stupid head nodding, with its eyes shut, in full view of the congregation.'

'You have said all this before, Louisa, but you cannot stay at home, without displeasing your father; so let me advise you to make a virtue of necessity, and do your best to overcome this unlady-like habit of sleeping in church.'

Louisa's mother might have added more, but her father's voice was now heard, summoning her to attend him; and as in silence she pursued her way by his side, along the dusty path, beneath a scorching sun, her heart rebelled, and she longed to be in her own pleasant garden, or seated beneath the cool piazza. However, to church she went, and to sleep she went; and while her father listened approvingly to the sound doctrine and well-turned sentences of Mr. Snorer's discourse, the nasal twang and monotonous cadence of the good preacher had their customary lulling effect on the senses of several of the congregation; but I doubt if any one of them was visited with so singular a dream, as occurred to poor Louisa, during her stolen slumbers.

The silly girl had read in one of her French lessons, a certain fanciful story, called the 'Palace of Truth,' and she now fancied the sacred edifice converted into such an abode, and Mr. Snorer's motley congregation subjected to the involuntary betrayal of their inmost thoughts. Even her respected father did not escape. He, good man, listened with profound attention, to be sure; but instead of the spirit of piety, an imp of sectarian intolerance occupied his mind; and all the arguments of the worthy Mr. Snorer were treasured there, as offensive and defensive weapons, wherewith to carry on a wordy war (fighting still under the banner of the Prince of Peace,) with certain of his heretical neighbours. Even in her dream, Louisa felt sorely grieved at her imagined discovery of how very, very far her father's spirit of religious controversy led him from the path of true Christianity.

A gentleman who sat in the next pew was wide awake, and apparently attentive; but when his thoughts were laid bare, they were found to consist of interesting calculations touching his earthly stores; while his wife, a notable housekeeper, was laying thrifty plans of domestic economy, her eyes at the same time fixed steadfastly on the minister, whose discourse she seemed to be devouring with both her ears.

A young lawyer was next subjected to the ordeal; and his mind presented such a medley of incongruous ideas, of shallow learning and vain conceits, that there was no room for devotion; and Louisa was glad to pass him by, and take a peep at the thoughts of his next neighbour, a brother lawyer, and, to casual observers, his counterpart in mental endowments; but there was a great contrast in the inner man. All wandering fancies were banished, and his high intellectual powers were turned attentively to the sermon of good Mr. Snorer, to whom he was listening, as he had often done before, wishing and hoping to draw instruction from his words; something to satisfy the cravings of a religious heart. But he was disappointed, as usual, and fell into criticisms on the preacher; pronouncing him 'dry,' 'phlegmatic,' and 'wholly uninteresting.'

An old bachelor sat near, a regular attendant on divine service; a religious man; a man who admitted no excuse for those misguided individuals who pass through this weary pilgrimage 'without God in the world.' There, at least, Louisa expected to find a well-regulated mind, properly devoted to the exercises of the day. But it was not so. The good man's heart was wandering after his eyes among the younger and fairer portion of the congregation; though he felt half disposed to quarrel with them for looking so pretty in their Sunday bonnets, that he could not keep his eyes off them. Louisa smiled archly, with malicious glee, when she found which way the old bachelor's thoughts were straying, and she dreamed that he stretched out his hand to seize her, and take his revenge; but she stepped back, and turned demurely towards a pew, where reclined a gentleman with perfumed hand-

kerchief in one hand, and on the other a kid glove. This young man was one of Louisa's beaux, and she felt curious to know whether Mr. Snorer's preaching produced any effect on his mind. But to her surprise, she could not find that he had any mind. There was a vacuum in its place! It was a mere puppet, dressed up in the externals of good society!

Louisa turned to some young acquaintance of her own sex, and, as she expected, found them with their frivolous thoughts intent upon dress, running up and down the scale of fashion, with the same monotonous perseverance with which young ladies are taught to run their scales on the piano. When their eyes lighted on a new and expensive dress, well garnished with feathers, and furbelows, and all the paraphernalia of fashion, they might be considered at the top of the scale; and down their silly thoughts ran again, when a dowdy object met their view.

There was one lady, whose handsome face and brilliant eyes had often excited Louisa's admiration. They seemed capable of expressing the pure intellectual sentiments of an elevated mind; but Louisa dreamed that the fine qualities of this beautiful girl were obscured by pride and vanity; and even in church, these prevailed, to the exclusion of feelings better befitting the occasion. Perhaps, thought Louisa, if the preacher's words reached her heart, for a heart she has of innate worth, beating beneath that lovely form, if the preacher's words touched one chord there, it might respond in a nobler strain. But the discourse did not fix her attention, for which it would be hard to blame poor Mr. Snorer; and Louisa found her contemptuously scrutinizing the mean apparel of some humble-looking strangers in a pew before her. Mother and daughter they appeared to be, and were, as Louisa remarked, anything but well dressed. However, though the outside was mean, there was worth beneath it. In the heart of the old lady dwelt the piety which 'passeth show'; for her daughter destitute of devotional feeling; but at this moment, a sad struggle was going on in her mind. She felt herself meanly attired, in the midst of wealth and fashion. Poverty seemed to hang about her as a garment; and she was striving in vain to conquer this unworthy sense of debasement, by every lesson in favour of meekness and humility, that Christianity had taught her. Mortification had entered her young heart, and envy stood in the portal. 'How can I pray here,' thought she, amid looks of scorn, and eyes of cold inquiry? 'Go into thy closet and shut the door;' these words seemed to be ringing in her ears, and she longed for the sanctity of solitude, to relieve her from feelings which were at war with devotion. When she raised her head, her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes suffused with tears. It was the blush of false shame; the tears were those of mortified pride; and as her mother at the same moment raised her head, there was a remarkable contrast in the expression of tranquil resignation in her pale countenance. Louisa was gazing on them both, with much interest, and preparing to search deeper into their hearts, when a bustle in the congregation awakened her. Mr. Snorer had reached the end of his sermon, and very soon he and father Somnus stalked off together; and Louisa walked silently home. On arriving there, she hastened to her mother's room, and exclaimed as she entered, 'Oh, mother! I have had such a dream!'

'A dream, Louisa!' said her mother, in an incredulous tone.

'I cannot think you have been sleeping in church again!'

'That was a matter of course, I am sorry to say,' replied Louisa;

'but my dream, dear mother; will you hear my dream?'

Silence gave consent, and Louisa recounted her silly vision, as related above; at the conclusion of which, her mother yawned several times; and then remarked, that if dreams were any criterion of the disposition of the dreamer, Louisa must stand accused of great want of charity in her interpretation of her neighbours' thoughts.—*Knickerbocker, New York Magazine.*

A DESCENDANT OF SIR WILLIAM WALLACE.

At Baltimore I met and conversed with an elderly gentleman of the name of Wallace. In early life he had attended the classes at Edinburgh, and studied under Dr. Black and others. He boasts of being the only lineal descendant of Sir William Wallace, and still uses the arms and motto of that hero. He mentioned to me that he was once in an engraver's shop at Edinburgh, giving the requisite instructions for cutting his seal, when the Earl of Buchan, who was accidentally present, examined the arms and motto, and said, "Sir, there is only one family remaining entitled to these, and that family is in Virginia." The confirmation of his innocent and praiseworthy claims must have given him great satisfaction. He is a very cheerful communicative old gentleman, and I was really pleased to interchange a friendly grasp with a hand, the veins of which might be enriched even with a drop of the Wallace blood.—*Murray's North America.*

SURVEYING VOYAGES OF THE "ADVENTURE" AND THE "BEAGLE."

NO. II.—CONTINUED SURVEY OF THE STRAITS OF MAGELHAENS, AND PARTIAL EXAMINATION OF THE SOUTH-WEST COAST OF AMERICA.

AFTER considerable delay, waiting for the necessary instructions authorising Captain King to employ a tender, permission was at last obtained, and a schooner, to which Captain King gave the name of the *Adelaide*, was purchased, and made ready for the voyage. The command of this vessel was given to Lient. Graves, and on the 23d December, 1827, the three vessels left the Rio de la Plata in company. They directed their course, in the first instance, to their old quarters at Port Famine. The *Beagle* was employed on the way in the examination of the coast between Port Desire and Cape Virgins, and was delayed by this service much beyond the time anticipated, but the *Adventure* and *Adelaide* arrived at Port Famine without further accident than rough weather when entering the straits, and the loss of two anchors by the *Adelaide* in consequence.

Whilst waiting at Port Famine for the *Beagle*, Captain King was joined by the *Uxbridge*, a sealing vessel, belonging to a Mr. Low, which had entered the straits by the Magdalen Channel, which the surveyors had last year considered to be a sound. The *Uxbridge* was in search of her companion, the *Adeona*, which was expected from the eastward; she soon arrived, and the two proceeded to Bougainville, or Jack's Harbour, a secure anchorage on the northern coast of the western part of the strait, to boil down their oil. These vessels were commanded by two brothers, men of great intelligence and daring enterprise. In the course of their sealing voyages they had explored almost every part of the straits, and from their experience, Capt. King derived useful information.

The plan of operations fixed for the season, was to lay up the *Adventure* at Port Famine, whilst the surveys were prosecuted by the *Beagle* on the western shores of America, and the *Adelaide* within the straits. Captain King accordingly proceeded in the *Adelaide* to explore, what on the old charts is called, the Sebastian Channel, nearly opposite to Port Famine, which was supposed to penetrate the Tierra del Fuego, and afford a passage to the Atlantic ocean, but upon examination it proved to have no outlet whatever. Returning to Port Famine, Captain King remained there one night, and then proceeded to examine some parts of the western portion of the strait. During his absence, the *Beagle* sailed on the 17th March, 1828. Captain Stokes was instructed to survey the coast as far as latitude 47° south, and to return to Port Famine by the 24th July at the latest.

After making some progress in the general survey, in which he was much interrupted by bad weather, Capt. King again returned to Port Famine, and, on the 30th April, once more despatched the *Adelaide* to carry on an examination of the openings on each side of Cayetano Island; but she returned on the 21st May, with the disagreeable intelligence of having had her only serviceable boat stolen by the Indians. "This," says Captain King, "was a serious loss, not only on account of so much time being thrown away, but also, because we had no other boat to substitute for her. To prevent delay I sent to Mr. Low at Bougainville Harbour, requesting that he would sell one of his boats; but he was himself so badly off, from similar losses, that he could only assist us by lending one for a few weeks, and as it was the only boat he possessed, it could not be spared to go far from his vessel. I therefore despatched Mr. Graves, in the *Adelaide*, to Bougainville harbour, to employ himself in examining the coast, thence to Cape Froward, and in the meantime began to build a whale-boat, to be ready for the *Adelaide's* use as soon as winter had passed over; for, from Mr. Graves's report of the state of the climate to the westward, very little could be done during the winter months.

The following is Lieut. Graves's account of the loss of his boat:—"Upon leaving Port Famine he proceeded at once to Port Gallant, and surveyed Cordes Bay; after which he crossed the strait to St. Simon's Bay, and anchored in Millar Cove, on its western side, immediately to the north of Port Jangara, from which it is only separated by a narrow neck of land. The *Adelaide* remained there at anchor while Mr. Graves visited the different parts of the bay. Her presence had attracted a large party of Indians, who, occupying several wigwams near the entrance of the cove, paid daily visits to our people, and were apparently very familiar and well disposed. But they had cast a longing eye upon the whale-boat, which, when equipped for service, contained many things very useful to them, and they laid a plan to carry her off,

which succeeded. One evening she was prepared for going away at an early hour the following day, and to save time every thing that might be required was placed in her, and she was made fast for the night. Two or three Indians were then on board, and observing what was done, laid their plan, and at sunset, took their leave as usual. The night was pitchy dark, and at nine o'clock the boat was missed from alongside. The alarm was given, and instant search made at the wigwams of the Indians, who had all decamped, without leaving the least trace of themselves or the boat. The 'painter,' or rope by which she had been fastened to the vessel, had been cut through with some sharp instrument, most probably a knife which our people had sharpened for them on the grindstone that very day.

"Every possible search was made next morning, but without success; the boat that was left was one which could not be used with any advantage, and Mr. Graves returned to Port Famine. Vexatious as the accident was, I could not blame him for what had occurred, for no one had suspicions of such conduct from the Indians, who, on all other occasions, had kept at a distance from us after night-fall. The boat was properly secured alongside, and the night was so cold that no person would have thought the Indians would expose themselves to such a temperature (28°); for they must have swum alongside to cut her adrift, and then must have towed her away very gradually, to prevent the theft being discovered, for there were two persons walking the deck at the time. In order to prevent a similar loss in future, the *Adelaide* was forthwith fitted with cranks outside for hoisting up her boats when in harbour."

As the season advanced the weather became very bad, and the health of the people suffered terribly. The ground was constantly covered with snow from one to two feet deep, and every night more fell. Twice, the tents, with the exception of one large one which stood on higher ground than the rest, were inundated. "Scurvy appeared and increased," says Captain King, "while the accidental death of a seaman, occasioned by falling down a hatchway, followed by the decease of two others, and also of Mr. Low of the *Adeona*, whose body was brought to me for burial, tended to create a despondency amongst the crew that I could in no way check. The monotony of their occupations, the chilling and gloomy appearance of the country, and the severity of the climate, all tended to increase the number of the sick, as well as the unfavourable symptoms of their disease. The *Beagle's* term of absence was, however, drawing to a close, and I caused a rumour to be spread, that upon her appearance we should quit Port Famine. To give a semblance of reality to this report, the topmasts were ordered to be fiddled, and the ship otherwise prepared for sea; which had a manifest effect upon the scurbutic, of whom several were in a bad stage of that horrid disease, and many others were just attacked. We found ourselves now, too, thrown upon our own resources for fresh food: scarcely a fish was taken by the hook, and the seine, though frequently shot, never caught any thing. Of birds, only a few hawks and small finches were procured, which were all reserved for the sick, the greater number of whom lived on shore at the tents, where they might walk about, and amuse themselves as they pleased."

The sick list became formidable: cases of scurvy increased so much during the damp trying weather to which they were exposed, that Captain King determined on sending the *Adelaide* to the northward to procure some guanaco meat from the Patagonians, and at the same time to survey that part of the strait lying between Cape Negro and the Second Narrow. "Lieutenants Graves and Wickham," continues Captain King, "and Mr. Tarn (the surgeon) went upon this service, the latter being most anxious to procure some change of diet for the sick under his care, for some of whom he was much alarmed. The appearance and severity of this disease, although every precaution had been used, and subsequent attention paid to their diet, are not easy to account for: fresh provisions, bread baked on board, pickles, cranberries, large quantities of wild celery, preserved meats and soups, had been abundantly supplied; the decks were kept well aired, dry and warm, but all to no purpose; these precautions perhaps checked the disease for a time, but did not prevent it as had been fully expected."

At length, on the 27th July, the *Beagle* made her appearance, but their joy at beholding her was somewhat damped by the illness of Captain Stokes. The service on which the *Beagle* had been despatched was most arduous, and the weather they had experienced had been dreadful.

It will be recollected that the *Beagle* sailed on the 17th March to examine the western shores of America, as far as 47° south,

The whole coast is broken up and indented by numberless bays and inlets, and is fronted by a perfect archipelago of islands intersected by narrow and intricate channels. Although the winter had not yet set in, still Captain Stokes experienced such severe weather as, even by the beginning of April, severely injured both his own health and that of his crew. We cannot follow his narrative throughout, but will content ourselves with noticing one or two of the most important incidents, which occurred before he rejoined the Adventure. "On the 13th April they discovered in the Port of St. Barbara (about 48 degrees south latitude,) just about high-water mark, half buried in sand, the beam of a large vessel which," says Captain Stokes in his journal, "we conjectured had formed part of the ill-fated Wager, one of Lord Anson's squadron, (of whose loss the tale is so well told in the narratives of Byron and Bulkeley): the dimensions seemed to correspond with her size, and the conjecture was strengthened by the circumstance that one of the knees that attached it to the ship's side had been cut, which occurred in her case when her decks were scuttled to get at her provisions; all the bolts were much corroded; but the wood, with the exception of the outside being worm-eaten, was perfectly sound. Our carpenter pronounced it to be English oak."

From the 30th of April to the 9th of May there was a succession of stormy weather, accompanied by almost incessant and heavy rain, which prevented the ship from mooring. They were now lying in a very excellent port, which, in honour of the Commander-in-Chief of the South American station, they named Port Otway. The delay proved, in one respect, advantageous, by affording a very reasonable cessation from work to the fatigued crew, and obliging Captain Stokes to take some little rest, which he so much required, but regretted allowing himself, and submitted to most unwillingly.

The 47th degree of south lat. being passed, the vessel's head was now turned southwards, and a diligent examination of the coast carried on as they proceeded. On the 26th they had the misfortune to lose one of their companions, Serjeant Lindsay, of the Royal Marines, and on the following day he was committed to a solitary grave on these inhospitable shores. After leaving the anchorage near which they had buried poor Lindsay, Capt. Stokes relates that, "under an impression that the island of St. Xavier* was the scene of the Wager's wreck, I wished to examine its western side; but a strong N.N.E. wind did not permit my doing so, without risking the loss of more time than could be spared for a mere object of curiosity. I steered therefore to the south-eastward for an inlet, which proved to be the channel's mouth of the Spanish charts, and reached it after running seventeen miles from the south end of Xavier Island. We got no soundings with ninety fathoms of line, when at its entrance; but making no doubt that we should get anchorage within, we left, at the distance of half a mile, the islets of the northern point, passed between two others distant apart only one-fifth of a mile, and shortly after anchored in twenty fathoms, sheltered by an island to the westward, but with rocky islets around us in all directions, except the south-east, some of which were less than a cable's length from us. † Here we were detained until the 10th June, by the worst weather I ever experienced: we rode with three anchors down and the topmasts struck; and though we lay within a couple of hundred yards of the islands and rocks, and less than half a mile from the shores of the inlet, such a furious surf broke on them all, that it was but rarely a boat could land, even in the least exposed situations the inlet afforded. The evening of our arrival was fine, and we put up the observatory tent on the island to the westward of us; but the weather was so bad, during the next day, that we could effect no landing to remove it, although we anticipated the result which followed—namely, its being washed away."

In the short intervals of the horrible weather that prevailed, boats were sent to the northern shore of the inlet, for the purpose of procuring water and fuel; but though they sometimes succeeded, by dint of great perseverance, in landing through a raging surf, it was but seldom they could embark the small casks (barreca) which had been filled, or the wood they had cut.

"Finding the boats' crews suffer much from their unavoidable exposure during continually wet weather, I ordered some canvas to be given to each man for a frock and trousers, to be painted at the first opportunity, as a protection against rain and spray.

"Nothing could be more dreary than the scene around us. The lofty, bleak, and barren heights that surround the inhospitable shores of this inlet were covered, even low down their sides, with dense clouds, upon which the fierce squalls that assailed us beat,

* Xavier's Island is certainly the Montrose Island of Byron's narrative. The Wager was lost more to the southward, on the Guianeco Islands.

† This group was afterwards called The Hazard Isles.

without causing any change: they seemed as immovable as the mountains where they rested.

"Around us, and some of them distant no more than two-thirds of a cable's length, were rocky islets lashed by a tremendous surf; and, as if to complete the desolation of the scene, even birds seemed to shun its neighbourhood. The weather was that in which (as Thomson emphatically says) 'the soul of man dies within him.' In the course of our service since we had left England, we have often been compelled to take up anchorages, exposed to great risk and danger. But the Beagle's present situation I deemed by far the most perilous to which she had been exposed; her three anchors were down in twenty-three fathoms of water, on a bad bottom of sand, with patches of rock. The squalls were terrifically violent, and astern of her, distant only half a cable's length, were rocks and rocky islets, upon which a furious surf raged. I might use Bulkeley's words in describing the weather in this neighbourhood, and nearly at this season, 'Showers of rain and hail, which beat with such violence against a man's face, that he can hardly withstand it.'

"On the 10th, the wind being moderate, and the weather better, preparations were made to quit this horrid place."

The weather still continued unfavourable, and the health of the crew grew worse and worse, and on the 15th the surgeon, Mr. Bynoc, reported that a temporary cessation of labour would be of the greatest advantage to the crew, by affording an opportunity of recruiting their health. They were now again anchored at Port Otway, nearly in their old position, and here Captain Stokes determined on making a short stay. The yards and topmasts were struck, and the ship covered over with sails. Once a day a boat was sent a-shore for clams and muscles, which proved of service to the sick, but the shores afforded no place for exercise, no game was seen, nor did any Indians make their appearance. There was nothing to break the dull uniformity of their melancholy position.

At this period of the narrative, Captain Stokes's remarks and notes end, and the tale is taken up by Captain King. He remarks with great feeling that "those who have been exposed to one of such trials as his (Captain Stokes's) upon an unknown lee-shore, during the worst description of weather, will understand and appreciate some of those feelings which wrought too powerfully upon his excitable mind." "The Beagle," he goes on to say, "remained quiet, until the 29th of June, when the surgeon reported 'the crew sufficiently healthy to perform their duties without any material injury to their constitutions.' Leaving Port Otway, she steered along the coast with, strange to say, easterly winds and fine weather, which enabled Lieutenant Skyring to add much to the survey of the coast of Madre de Dios. Captain Stokes now began to show symptoms of a malady, that had evidently been brought on by the dreadful state of anxiety he had gone through during the survey of the gulf of Peñas. He shut himself up in his cabin, becoming quite listless and inattentive to what was going on; and after entering the strait of Magelhaens, on his return to Port Famine, he delayed at several places without any apparent reason; conduct quite opposite to what his would have naturally been, had he then been of sound mind. At last, want of provisions obliged him to hasten to Port Famine; and the day on which he arrived, every article of food was expended."

On rejoining the Adventure, his spirits returned, and he grew so much better that his officers did not think it necessary to communicate their fears to Captain King. The Adelaide arrived with a quantity of guanaco meat, sufficient to supply all hands with fresh provisions for a week, but with very little apparent effect on the sick. The scurvy still raged on board the Adventure, and many of the Beagle's crew were still suffering from pulmonary and rheumatic complaints. It now became a question whether they should return to Monte Video, or go up to Valparaiso to refresh, and thence prosecute their survey. "Captain Stokes," continues Captain King, "was anxious to prepare his vessel for another cruise, being very averse to giving up our plans and returning to Monte Video, since he thought the crews, from utter disgust at the privations and hardships they had endured, would not be persuaded to go on another voyage; but that if they were to go to Chiloe or Valparaiso, to refresh, they might recover their strength and spirits, and be willing to renew the survey; which, however, he himself seemed to dread, for he never mentioned the subject without a shudder. He was evidently much excited, and suspicions arose in my mind that all was not quite right with him. I endeavoured to prevail on him to give his people a longer rest, but he was the more anxious to make preparations. On the 31st of July he sent an application for provisions, and in the evening I received a note from him, which was written in his former usual flow of spirits.

The officers, however, knew more of the diseased state of his mind than I did; and it was owing to a hint given to me, that I desired Mr. Tarn to communicate with Mr. Bynoe, and report to me whether Captain Stokes's health was sufficiently restored to enable him to commence another cruise. This was on the 1st of August. The provisions had been sent, in compliance with his application, and the surgeons were on board the *Adventure*, considering upon their report, which was, as I afterwards found, very unfavourable; when a boat came from the *Beagle*, with the dreadful intelligence that Captain Stokes, in a fit of despondency, had shot himself.

"The surgeons instantly repaired on board, and finding him alive, had recourse to every means in their power, but without hope of saving his life. During the delirium that ensued, and lasted four days, his mind wandered to many of the circumstances and hair-breadth escapes of the *Beagle's* cruise. The following three days he recovered so much as to be able to see me frequently; and hopes were entertained by himself, but by no one else, that he would recover. He then became gradually worse, and after lingering in most intense pain, expired on the morning of the 12th.

"Thus shockingly and prematurely perished an active, intelligent, and most energetic officer, in the prime of life. His remains were interred at our burial-ground, with the honours due to his rank, and a tablet was subsequently erected to his memory."

This fatal event determined Captain King on quitting the straits immediately, and stopping only to obtain a fresh supply of gunnoco meat at Gregory Bay, all the vessels made the best of their way to Monte Video, where the free use of the bitter orange very speedily removed all symptoms of the scurvy. A bitter disappointment here awaited Lieutenant Skyring, who had been appointed by Captain King as acting commander of the *Beagle*, and whose services had been of such a kind as to lead him to expect that the appointment would have been confirmed; but the Commander-in-Chief, on his arrival, superseded all the appointments made by Captain King, and gave the *Beagle* to Mr. Fitzroy, flag-lieutenant of the *Ganges*. Captain Fitzroy was and is an officer fully competent to the service, full of zeal and energy, and apparently of an excellent and conciliatory disposition, since we find in the account of the subsequent voyage no intimation of the slightest disagreement between him and the other officers of the expedition, which, under the circumstances, might have too probably been expected; but we fully concur with Captain King when he remarks, that, "although this arrangement was undoubtedly the prerogative of the Commander-in-Chief, and I had no reason to complain of the selection he had made to fill the vacancies, yet it seemed hard that Lieutenant Skyring, who had in every way so well earned his promotion, should be deprived of an appointment to which he very naturally considered himself entitled. The conduct of Lieutenant Skyring, throughout the whole of his service in the *Beagle*,—especially during the survey of the Gulf of Peñas and the melancholy illness of his captain,—deserved the highest praise and consideration; but he was obliged to return to his former station as assistant surveyor: and, to his honour be it said, he did so with an equanimity and good-will which showed his thorough zeal for the service."

At Monte Video Captain King met the late Captain Henry Foster, in H.M.S. *Chanticleer*, on his Pendulum voyage. He was established at an observatory on a small island, called Rat or Rabbit Island, where Captain King visited him, and found him deeply engaged in that series of observations which has reflected so much honour upon his memory. Before he sailed, Captain King made an arrangement to meet the *Chanticleer* either at Staten Land or at Cape Horn, for the purpose of supplying her with provisions to enable Captain Foster to proceed thence to the Cape of Good Hope, without returning to Monte Video.

The refitting of the vessels occupied a considerable time, and some delays were occasioned by damages sustained during the heavy gales common at Monte Video, and known as "Pamperos." At length, on the 1st March 1829, the vessels finally sailed from Monte Video. After visiting some parts of the coast, on the 1st April, they found themselves off Cape Virgins, and the *Adventure* parted company from the *Beagle* and *Adelaide*, and proceeded to meet the *Chanticleer* according to appointment. Captain Fitzroy had previously received orders to proceed through the Strait of Magelhaens, and despatch the *Adelaide* to survey the Magdalen and Barbara Channels, both communicating with the Pacific on the south of the Straits, and himself to examine the Jerome Channel, an opening to the north which was supposed to communicate with the ocean, and then proceed, in company with the *Adelaide*, to Chiloe, where they were to be joined by the *Adventure*.

Our limits prevent us from following them on these services, but we purpose to pursue the subject in a future Number.

SMOKING IN THE EIGHTEENTH AND NINETEENTH CENTURY.

I AM in possession of a curious memorial of the manners of a past age; it is a paper which was once an envelope of a pound of tobacco, with an engraving upon it, representing five dandies at the end of the reign of George II.; *beaux*, they were then called; for example, Beau Nash. These five beaux have before them a table, on which are lighted tapers, bottles, a punch-bowl, and those drinking glasses with stems eight inches high, and that spira white ornament in the very body of the pillar, that has so often puzzled me to know how it could get in. The genius of a child has been presaged, from his breaking his rattle to discover the interior cause of its noise: the augury is uncertain; for I too have broken a stem of one of these glasses in the hope of arriving at, what I called, the paper cork-screw in its centre. The five beaux wear flowing wigs: they have small laced cocked-hats; one of the beaux, more dashing than the rest, perhaps the *Corypheus* of the fumigation, has his hat on his head. There are light rapier swords too; some of them pendent in splendid uselessness from the sides of the wearers, and others innocently laid on distant chairs.

The sword, though in these times not a belligerent, was a great political engine; it inspired respect; it distinguished the gentleman; it raised its wearer from the pedestal to the capital of the social order. Nay, I heard an old 'squire from the Wolds of Lincolnshire declare, at the commencement of the French revolution, that the prevalence of jacobinical principles was entirely owing to the folly of gentlemen in leaving off swords. Perhaps he was right.

With what awe have I looked up to the chimney-piece of my father's study, surmounted by warlike machinery! A pair of pistols, the work of some celebrated artist of the seventeenth century; an immense sword, its hilt basketed with steel, such a one as was borne by Oliver Cromwell himself; yet the sword that then arrested my infant gaze, had been wielded by no roundhead, but by my grandfather's grandfather, the Cavalier John, who was wounded in the battle of Marston Moor; a prisoner of war in Tickhill Castle, and whose estate was sequestered by parliament in punishment of his delinquency and malignancy. So said the family legends. There was also a silver-hilted rapier, to be worn, no doubt, at smoking parties: but all these weapons had been allowed to be corroded by more than Hudibrastic rust, by prebendal oblivion.

But to my beaux of the print on the tobacco wrapper:—the following dialogue takes place amongst them, as appears by a scroll issuing from the vicinity of the mouth of each:—the vicinity of the mouth—the mouth itself is occupied; but these are the *free smokers*:—First gent. "This tobacco smokes well."—Second gent. "Where did you buy it?"—Third gent. "At NN's."—Fourth gent. "Where does he live?"—Fifth gent. "In the Bail, Lincoln." This was an admirable puff!

Yet one more generation of men, and all was changed: our smoking-rooms were turned into powdering closets, our summer-houses into conservatories. A coat tainted with the fumes of tobacco was a title of exclusion from good company. "Nobody smokes now," said they.

This change synchronises with the youth of the late King George IV. Just "glittering above the horizon," he caused all clouds to vanish, and dispelled all obscurities. But, alas! in vain did the elegance of manners and good taste of that most gracious sovereign oppose itself to the darkness that was again to overwhelm us. The martial ardour of the French carried them *ultra Sauromatos*: a pipe was found to be a cheap and easy compensation to the soldier for his fatigues; an emblem too of his gains—all smoke! Military glory and smoking became the fashion of the day; and the tobacco-pipe is re-established in all its former honours, by a counter-revolution.

I have heard old French officers of the army talk with rapture of the comfort that a pipe afforded them at their *bivouacs*. The first Frenchman with whom I journeyed, held a pipe out of the window of the carriage: he was a young man; but they who were too young to have fought, wishing to prove themselves willing to engage, and weary of a quiet life, aspired to emulate the warriors of Wagram and Waterloo.—*Personal and Literary Memorials.*

THE PRINCIPLES OF NATIONAL EXCHANGE.*

THE aptitudes of different nations for the creating of different products has, in many cases, been fixed by unchangeable, geographical, and physiological law. Cotton, coffee, spices, dye-stuffs, sugar, rice, and many of the most valuable fruits and medicines, can be cultivated only in southern latitudes. Wool, wheat, and bread-stuffs generally, flax and the most valuable animals, are found only in temperate climates. Iron is found in northern latitudes; and furs, hemp, and feathers are brought from climates still further north. One country is better adapted to commerce, another to agriculture, and another to manufactures.

Besides, a society, at one period of its history, is better adapted to one sort of production than to another. When capital is scarce and land is cheap and fertile, a nation is better adapted to agriculture; when capital becomes abundant and land dear, it becomes gradually better adapted to manufactures; that is to say, nations, as well as individuals, both by original endowment and accidental circumstances, have their special adaptations to the creation of particular products. I suppose it unnecessary to state, that nations, that is, people, if left to themselves, are, like individuals, disposed to avail themselves of the peculiar advantages bestowed upon them by their Creator. Self-interest teaches them this lesson with sufficient clearness, and they willingly practise it, if left to their own natural instincts.

It is also evident that, by each nation's devoting itself to that branch of production for which it has the greatest facilities, either original or acquired, its own happiness will be better promoted, and a greater amount of production created, than in any other manner. And while all nations thus appropriate their industry, a much greater amount of annual value will be created for the whole human race, than by any change that could possibly be made. If Cuba should relinquish the raising of coffee and sugar, and devote herself to the raising of wheat; and New York, relinquishing the culture of wheat, should betake herself to the raising of coffee and sugar, would not both communities be poorer, and would not the price of coffee, sugar, and wheat be increased over the whole world; that is, would not all the world, and these countries especially, be poorer than they are now?

But, whilst it is thus evident that every nation is intended by the Creator to improve its own advantages, that is, to create that product for the creation of which it has the greatest facilities; it is also the fact, that every nation, and every individual of that nation, desires the productions of every other nation, and is happy in proportion as it enjoys them. What nation could be happy without the cotton of the South, the hemp and iron of the North, or the wool, wheat, or manufactures of temperate climates? Nay, let an individual look at the clothes which he wears, the furniture of his room, or the food and utensils of his table, and he will be immediately convinced, that every latitude of both hemispheres, and almost every country on the globe, are tributary to his happiness. His own country has peculiar adaptations, but they are adaptations for but few products, while every citizen of that country requires for his convenience, nay, almost for existence, the production of every other country. The desire can be gratified only by national exchanges. Hence we see, that national exchanges enter as much into the constitution of things under which we are created, as individual exchanges.

And the final cause of this constitution is, in both cases, equally evident.

Individuals are made thus dependent upon each other, in order to render harmony, peace, and mutual assistance, their interest, as well as their duty. Where men are mutually dependent upon each other, the prosperity of one is the prosperity of all; and the adversity of one is the adversity of all. No one can enjoy many of the blessings which God has intended for him, only in so far as others enjoy them also; and no one can be deprived of them, unless others are deprived of them to a considerable degree also. Thus, we see that the individual progress of man is, by the constitution of things, indissolubly connected with, if not absolutely dependent on, his social progress.

And, for the same reason, nations are dependent upon each other. From this universal dependence, we learn that God intends nations, as well as individuals, to live in peace, and to conduct themselves towards each other upon the principles of benevolence. Where all are mutually dependent, as in the former case, no one can prosper without increasing the prosperity of all, nor suffer

without bringing suffering upon all. Hence, it is truly our interest to seek the happiness, peace, and prosperity of other nations, as it is to seek the happiness, peace, and prosperity of our own nation.

From the above constitution it is evident, that universal exchange is as necessary to the welfare, and even to the existence of the human race, as universal production. We have already seen, that in all the departments of human industry, a great saving, both of time and expense, is effected by *division of labour*. This is as true of labour in exchange, as in any other case. Since, then, exchanges must be made, it will be better for *the whole*, if a part of a society devote themselves exclusively to the business of making them.

Thus: suppose that, in a given society, the labour is divided, so that each individual devotes himself to the creation of a given product. One man raises wheat, another rye, another wool; one labours upon iron, another upon wood, another upon leather, &c. Now, these persons can procure the productions of each other only by exchange. But if every one, every time he needs anything, is obliged to leave his labour to find a purchaser for his product, he will lose much time himself, and will consume a large portion of the time of all his neighbours. It would frequently take as much time to exchange a pair of shoes, as it would take to make them. This additional time must enter into the *price* of the shoes; and hence these, and every other article of consumption, would rise in price accordingly.

In such a case as this, it would clearly be a great benefit to the whole society, if some one should devote himself exclusively to the business of making exchanges. Every producer might then deposit with him whatever he had to exchange, instead of going in search of a purchaser. When this was done, every one, by going to him, might ascertain immediately, what was to be exchanged, throughout the whole community, and at what price; and also, what was required in exchange. He would thus be able, at once, to procure, by his own product, whatever was procurable for it; and to know what he must produce, in order that he may procure what he may need. Thus, the labour of a whole day, or of several days, might be accomplished in a few minutes, in a much more perfect manner than by any other method. Hence, as all the time unnecessarily consumed in the other method would be saved, there would be much more time to be appropriated to production. As, in a given time, and with given labour, there would be greater production, everything would be cheaper, that is, every one would be richer; and at the same time, a reasonable profit would remain for him who devoted his time to the labour of exchange.

Hence, we see that *exchangers* are as necessary to the *cheapness* of production as producers themselves. Hence, we also see how absurd is the outcry sometimes raised against them, because it is said they *produce nothing*. Did not a large class of the community devote themselves to this employment, it is impossible to conceive what would be the price of the most common and necessary utensil. Were the farmer obliged to carry his wheat or his cattle to Sheffield, to exchange for needles for his wife, or for a sickle for himself, who could estimate what these utensils would cost? If the labourer were obliged to go to Birmingham for a spade, which he must use in New York, what would be the price of a spade, and how would he ever be able to gain a subsistence? The labourer may sometimes complain that the merchant is rich, and that he is poor; that the merchant stands at his desk, while he labours in the street; that the merchant rides in his carriage, while he travels on foot. But it may be to him some consolation to remember, that were not the merchant rich, the labourer would be still poorer, for every article would be dearer; and, besides, there would be no one to pay for the labour, with which alone he is able to purchase it. Were not the merchant to be at his desk, the poor man would have no labour to do in the street; and were not the merchant to ride in his carriage, the labourer would be obliged to go barefoot. And, accordingly, we see that whenever mercantile business, that is, the business of exchanges, is the most successful, then are the means of living cheaper in proportion; and then are the operative classes richer; and the avenues to riches are the most widely open to all.

A good harvest in one country is a benefit to every country; because the favoured country desires a larger amount of the productions of her neighbours, and has a larger fund wherewith to pay for them. Hence, the exchanges between such a country and every other country are increased. On the contrary, a famine, or a war, or any other calamity happening to one country, is a calamity to every other country, because the

* From the "Elements of Political Economy," by Francis Wayland, D.D., President of Brown University, U. S.

unfortunate country wants less of the productions of its neighbours; since it has less wherewith to pay for them. Its exchanges, therefore, are of necessity diminished. Hence, that merchant is short-sighted, as well as morally thoughtless, who expects to grow rich by short crops, civil dissensions, calamity, or war, in the country with which he traffics. A wiser and farther-sighted reflection would teach him, that it is very difficult to grow rich by trading with beggars, and that the benefit of one is always the benefit of all. To illustrate all this by a single case, let us ask what would be the amount of exchanges effected by the inhabitants of Great Britain, France, and the United States, either among themselves or with each other, if the productiveness of these several countries were no greater than it was in the time of Julius Cæsar?

A RAW RECRUIT.

THOMAS MILLER, the well-known author of "A Day in the Woods," &c., has, in a charming little book, called "Rural Sketches," given us the following humorous picture of recruiting at a country fair:—

In staggered Jack Straw, rolling drunk, with the serjeant's cap on, singing

"If I had a beau for a soldier would go,
Do you think I'd say no? No, not I;
Not a sigh would I draw, when his red coat I saw,
But a cheer I'd give for his bravery."

"What! have yo' listed, Jack?" interrogated half-a-dozen voices in as many tones. "I have, my lads," answered he, singing—"And I never will follow the plough-tail again." I've listed for a hoffer, an' if any o' yo's a mind to list wi' me [hiccup], I'll gi' yo' a shilling in his majester's name, an' list you for full sargent." "You mean full private," said an old man, who had hitherto sat unobserved in the corner; "you mean full private, same as they'll make you when they get up to th' regiment. I once listed thirty years ago for a colonel, and when I got to th' regiment, and told 'em what I'd listed for, they laughed at me, and says 'Yo're above a colonel.' So I was above one; for our colonel only stood five feet five, and I stood near upon six feet—so they made me a grenadier." "I don't care," answered Jack Straw; "I took his majester's money to be a hoffer [hiccup], an' be one I will, or else I'll not sarve according to the articals of war. 'Now,' says I, afore I took the money, 'sargent,' says I, 'I list for an hoffer.' 'Yes,' says he; 'will you be captain, lieutenant, or ensign?' 'Ensign,' says I. 'Very well,' says he, and he put it down in black and white: you may go into the parlour and ax him;" and away we went, John Straw, ensign, leading the way.

In the parlour all was confusion. A good-looking rosy-cheeked girl was pulling at the arm of her drunken lover, and exclaiming, "Dinna list, Tommy, dinna list, or yo'll brake my heart; dinna list him, Mr. Soldier." "I will list," said the rough rustic; "give me a shilling to sarve his most gracious majester, Mr. King William: I'll not be a clodhopper all the born days of my life, and put up wi' your ons and offs." "Oh! dinna list him, Mr. Sargent!" exclaimed the girl; "for his poor old mother would run stark mad if he was to go for a soldier, and I'm sure I dare not show my face at hoam without him. His mother's sure to lay all the blame on me, and say as he listed for love, and then whatever am I to do?" "I'll not list him while he's tipsy," replied the serjeant, saying a thousand pretty things to the distressed damsel, and accompanying every sentence with a knowing twinkle of the eye. By the aid of another maiden, however, the drunken swain was led off, and on throwing up the parlour window, we could perceive him and his sweetheart in the garden; she promising not to see Fred. Giles again, upon condition that he no more whistled out Squire Thornton's dairy-maid.

The serjeant still continued exhibiting his long purse, and pointing out the happiness of a soldier's life, while many a country bumpkin sat glowing beneath the sunny beams of imaginary glory, and old Mother Ward's sparkling ale. "Think but for a moment," exclaimed the serjeant, in the true "Ercles vein," "of being exposed all the day in a hay-field, sweating beneath a scorching sun, until at night you're all as tired as dogs; while the soldier sits in his shady barracks, enjoying all manner of happiness, such as sleeping, smoking, or drinking! Then think of the chance of being promoted to an officer! Beside, there's no work to do; there's nothing, after you've learnt your exercise, but to keep yourself clean, and walk about all day like a gentleman. Then

there's the bounty, look at that," (and down went his purse upon the table;) "then again think of the honour of fighting for your king and country; and if you happen to have your leg shot off," (here two or three winced,) "why you've bread for life in a good pension. There's prize-money, too, and all the honour of saying you've been in such a battle; and if you go abroad, there's wine at a penny a quart—think of that, you rogues! and you've no horse to look after, like a horse-soldier, nought but a knapsack and a fire-lock. Who would follow the plough, when he can march beneath the glorious colours of the 42nd, to the merry fife and drum! and have plenty of sweethearts in every town, and money without working for it—eh, eh, my brave countrymen?"

"And who the devil," said the old man who had once enlisted for a colonel, "will take thirteen-pence a day to be shot at, eh? and have about twenty masters over him, eh? First comes a lance Jack—'If you don't stir yourself, I'll report you to the corporal;' then comes the puppy of a corporal—'If you don't mind, I'll lodge a complaint to the serjeant;' then the serjeant—'Sir, you'll chance to see the black hole, if you are not more attentive;' then there's drill—'Hold your head up, or I'll put you in the awkward squad;' then another peeping down your gun-muzzle, and examining you from head to foot, to see that everything's in apple-pie order; beside as many sort of officers as there are weeds in our common. Hey, hey, my lads, soldiering's all very well to talk about, but you no sooner are one than you've had a bellyful. Be content where you are: if you don't like your master now, you can soon get another; but as for promotion, if ever you get up it's to the *holberts*, where they once promoted me, only for staying out we my lass after th' trumpet had sounded for 'all in.' What d'ye think o' that for promotion?"

The serjeant muttered something about desertion and back-scratching, and we retired up-stairs to join the dancers.

ANCIENT TIMES.

"How comes it, papa, that there is generally such a respect for ancient times?" inquired George one day, after reading a speech in which respect for the wisdom of ancestors was made a reason for not altering some foolish usage. "It is a sad prejudice," said Mr. Howard, "I once heard a man say he had no wish to appear wiser than his forefathers, and people applauded him; though, had they reflected that nobody could have too much wisdom, and that it is the best part of wisdom to add to wisdom, they might have thought differently. A philosopher remarked, that the same people who are most loud in praise of past time, are those who are always insisting on the superiority of old men over young ones. Now, ancient days are the youth of society, and the farther you go back, the younger is the human race. If there is reason for deeming old men superior in knowledge to young men, there is the same reason why the present times should be superior to the past. There is, indeed, more reason; for old men grow decrepit, not so the race of man. Individuals decay, and their faculties are enfeebled as their experience increases; but nations communicate their experience from one generation in full mental vigour to another equally so. In morals there is a great improvement, both in knowledge and practice. The effect of conduct upon human happiness is more closely watched, and more accurately traced. Many actions, once held to be blameless, are now prohibited by opinion; many which were once deemed pernicious are now considered laudable.

"Never be astonished, my children! never be discouraged, if you should fail to find in ancient books what the ill-advised praises of some have taught you to expect. You will hear those whose opinions are of weight in the world, talk with awe and reverence respecting authors of antiquity, and when you turn them over to discover their merits, you may experience bitter disappointment. Do not despond—do not think, because you are unable to discover the extraordinary excellences, that your own faculties are necessarily in fault. It may be, the excellence you seek for is not there. Do not check your own habit of thinking, because you cannot unravel the thoughts of others. Many a worthless idol has had its worshippers. Take courage, even though you cannot understand the renowned authority. Perhaps he did not understand himself. Recollect what Epictetus said to the expositors of Chrysippus, 'You plume yourselves upon your meritorious labours. If Chrysippus had been able to tell us his own meaning, would he have needed you!'

"Journeying once in Andalusia, I reached one of the refreshing streams which are so welcome to the traveller, not only because they serve to quench his thirst, but enable him to wash in their

invigorating waters. My muleteer drank, and washed his hands; but no water did he convey to his cheeks or neck. I asked him the reason. He said, "I don't like it: I deserted from the army, because they would make me wash my face every day. My forefathers never washed their faces."

The next day, Mr. Howard and George walked together to a neighbouring village. They called at the house of one of the peasants, the door of which was opened by a string which passed through a hole and communicated with a wooden latch inside. George inquired why the neat and ordinary iron latch was not used? "Oh, Sir!" said the woman, "ours is rather a bad way, for the boys sometimes cut off the string, and when we are all out, there is a great fuss and trouble to open the door, and to get in; but it was so in our grandfather's time, and we don't like to change it." The chimney was smoking, and the room was full of black dust. "We have a shocking smoky chimney, sir, and it covers the plates, and the chairs, and the tables with dirt."—"But why don't you have it altered?" inquired George.—"Oh, sir, my husband and I often talk about it; but he says it was so when his father lived here, and his father's father before him: and he don't think himself wiser than his fathers." During the conversation, the cottager came in. He had across his arm a very old-looking and oddly-shaped sickle, which excited George Howard's curiosity. "Thomas," said he (for that was the cottager's name,) "you have an ancient tool there."—"That I have, sir: I have seen all sorts of changes and fancies, but I stick by my old friend."—"But, surely, Thomas, you cannot do so much work; you cannot reap so much corn, or get so much money, for yourself or your family, with such a sickle as this!"—"Ay, sir, that's what our youngers say; but I don't set up to be wiser than those who have gone before me."

"There," said Mr. Howard, as they left the cottage, "you have another example of the wisdom of ancestors; and yet, in this poor man's case, there may be some excuse; for habit has made all these inconveniences almost enjoyments. He is more pleased with his fancy about resembling his forefathers, than he would be with the benefits which improvements would bring to him. To others, he does but little mischief: all you can say is, that he is a silly and imprudent man. But when any one prevents improvements which may benefit others, the mischief is as great as the value of the improvement. The desire of something better, whether in art, or morals, or laws, or happiness, is the source from which all that is good comes forth."

Conversations like these marked the happy days which the family of the Howards enjoyed; days made happy by the pursuit of knowledge and the practice of virtue. Of a thousand topics they talked; and at some other time my young readers shall hear how many other questions of right and wrong were settled among them. They shall hear, too, of journeys to other lands, and other stories by which points of duty were explained, and the claims of morality made easier and clearer.—[From *Bowring's Minor Morals*.]

WOMAN'S LOVE.

A woman's love, deep in the heart,
Is like the violet flower,
That lifts its modest head apart,
In some sequestered bower!
And blest is he who finds that bloom,
Who sips its gentle sweets;
He heeds not life's oppressive gloom,
Nor all the care he meets.

A woman's love is like the spring,
Amid the wild alone;
A burning wild, o'er which the wing
Of cloud is seldom thrown:
And blest is he who meets that fount,
Beneath the sultry day;
How gladly should his spirits mount,
How pleasant be his way.

A woman's love is like the rock,
That every tempest braves,
And stands secure amid the shock
Of ocean's wildest waves:
And blest is he to whom repose
Within its shade is given;
The world, with all its cares and woes,
Seems less like earth than heaven.—KNICKERBOCKEN.

TO MAKE HOME HAPPY.

Nature is industrious in adorning her dominions, and the man to whom this duty is addressed should feel and obey the lesson. Let him, too, be industrious in adorning his dominion—in making his home, the dwelling of his wife and children, not only convenient and comfortable, but pleasant. Let him, as far as circumstances will permit, be industrious in surrounding it with pleasing objects—in decorating it, within and without, with things that tend to make it agreeable and attractive. Let industry make it the abode of neatness and good order; a place which brings satisfaction in every inmate, and which, in absence, draws back the heart by the fond associations of comfort and content. Let this be done, and this sacred spot will surely become the scene of cheerfulness, kindness, and peace. Ye parents, who would have your children happy, be industrious to bring them up in the midst of a pleasant, a cheerful, and happy home. Waste not your time in accumulating wealth for them, but fill their minds and souls in the way proposed, with the seeds of virtue and true prosperity.

THE FREEZING MIXTURE.

As a proof of the extreme cold produced by mixing snow and salt together, and its injurious effects on animal life, we may mention a circumstance which happened within our own observation. A young man, who was ignorant of the very low temperature produced by what chemists call the "freezing mixture," undertook, for a trifling wager, to hold his hand in a basin-full of snow and salt for fifteen minutes. He won the wager, but at the expense of his hand: it was paralyzed.—*Bolton Free Press*.

THE EDUCATION OF THE HEART.

Mr. Lockhart relates, in his Life of Sir Walter Scott, that having in conversation with him seemed to infer that poets and novelists were accustomed to look at life and the world only as materials of art, Sir Walter said, "Are you not too apt to measure things by some reference to literature, to disbelieve that anybody can be worth much care who has no knowledge of that sort of thing? I have read books enough, and observed and conversed with enough of eminent and splendidly cultivated minds too, in my time; but, I assure you, I have heard higher sentiments from the lips of poor uneducated men and women, when exerting the spirit of severe yet gentle heroism under difficulties and afflictions, or speaking their simple thoughts as to circumstances in the lot of friends and neighbours, than I ever met with out of the pages of the Bible. We shall never learn to feel and respect our real calling and destiny, unless we have taught ourselves to consider everything as moonshine, compared with the education of the heart."

GOOD FEELING.

Soon after the battle of Waterloo, when so many maimed and wounded officers were to be seen in the streets, a gentleman passing along Bond-street was somewhat forcibly pushed against the wall by a porter. In the irritation of the moment, he raised a small cane he had in his hand, and gave the porter a smart cut across the shoulders. The man instantly turned round, and threw himself into an attitude of attack; but perceiving his adversary had recently lost his right arm, he took off his hat, and without saying a word passed on his way.—*Walker*.

CONSCIENTIOUS ACCOMMODATION.

The late Mr. Bush used to tell this story of a brother barrister:—As the coach was about starting after breakfast, the modest limb of the law approached the landlady, a pretty Quakeress, who was seated near the fire, and said he could not think of going without first giving her a kiss. "Friend," said she, "thee must not do it." "Oh, by heavens, I will!" replied the barrister. "Well, friend, as thou hast sworn, thee may do it; but thee must not make a practice of it."—*American Paper*.

ANTIQUITY OF THE GLOBE.

Dr. Chalmers says, "Does Moses ever say, that when God created the heavens and the earth, he did more, at the time alluded to, than transform them out of previously existing materials? Or does he ever say, that there was not an interval of many ages betwixt the first act of creation, described in the first verse of the book of Genesis, and said to have been performed in the beginning, and those more detailed operations, the account of which commences at the second verse, and which are described to us as having been performed in so many days? Or, finally, does he ever make us understand, that the generations of man went further than to fix the antiquity of the species, and, of consequence, that they left the antiquity of the globe a free subject for the speculations of philosophers."—*Evid. Christ. Rev. in Edin. Ency.*

A THEATRICAL FAMILY.

Our porter is a man of several talents: he tunes pianos for ten sous, and plays at the "Petit Lazare" of a night for two francs. Indeed, his whole family plays: his grandmother plays the *Mother of the Gracchi*. He takes care, too, of his wife's father; but he dresses him up as a *Pair de France* or a *Doge*, and makes a good deal out of him also. Besides, he has a large dog, which he expects soon to play the *Chien de Montargis* he is studying; and a mapple, which already plays in the *Pie Volante*. He had an only son, who, in playing *Colin* last winter—a shepherd's part in a vaudeville—had to wear a pair of white maulin breeches in the middle of the inclement season, and he took cold, and died of a *fluxion de poitrine*! The mother wept in telling this story, and then, some one coming in, she smiled.—*The American in Paris*.

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